

Little Journeys  
of  
Katharine

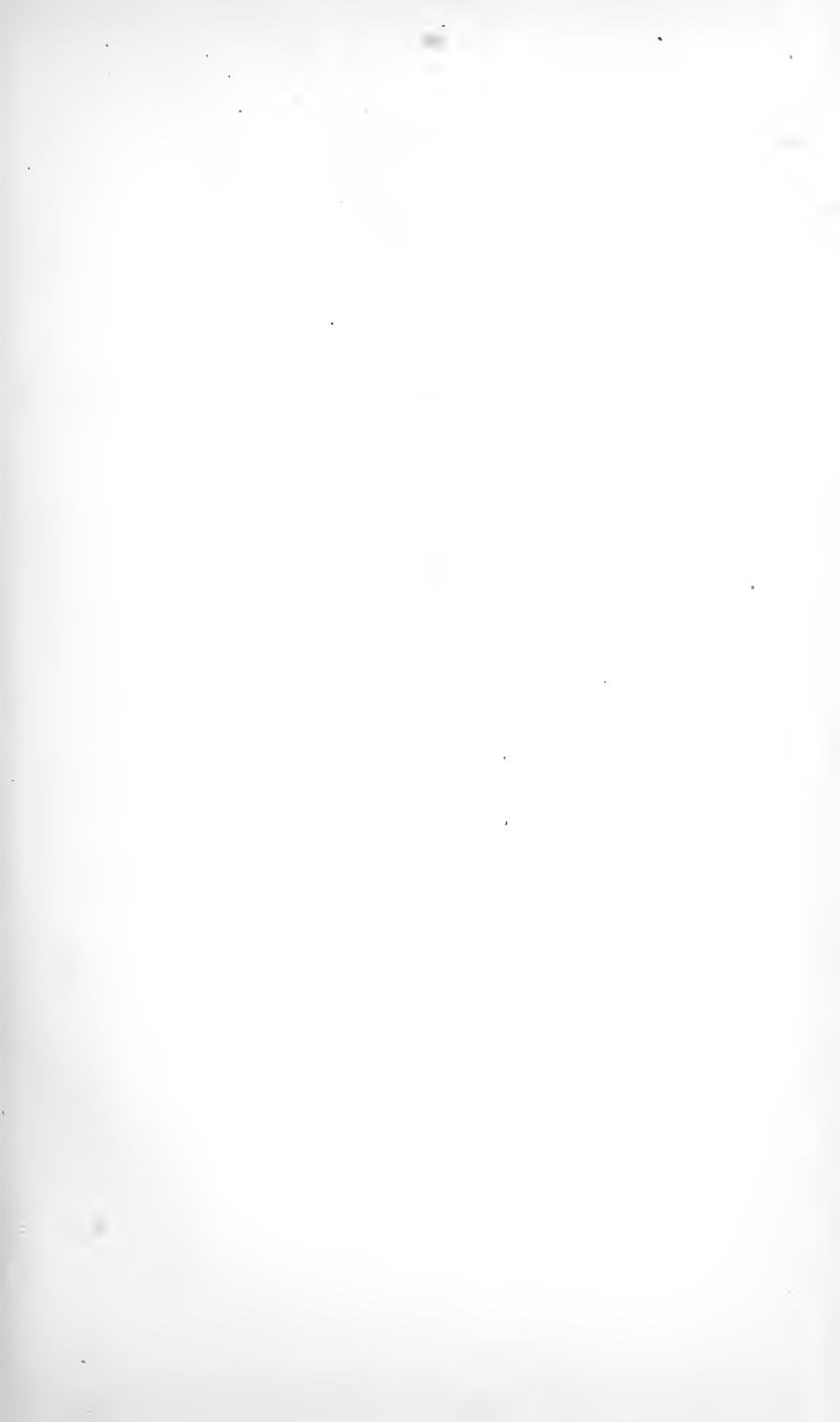


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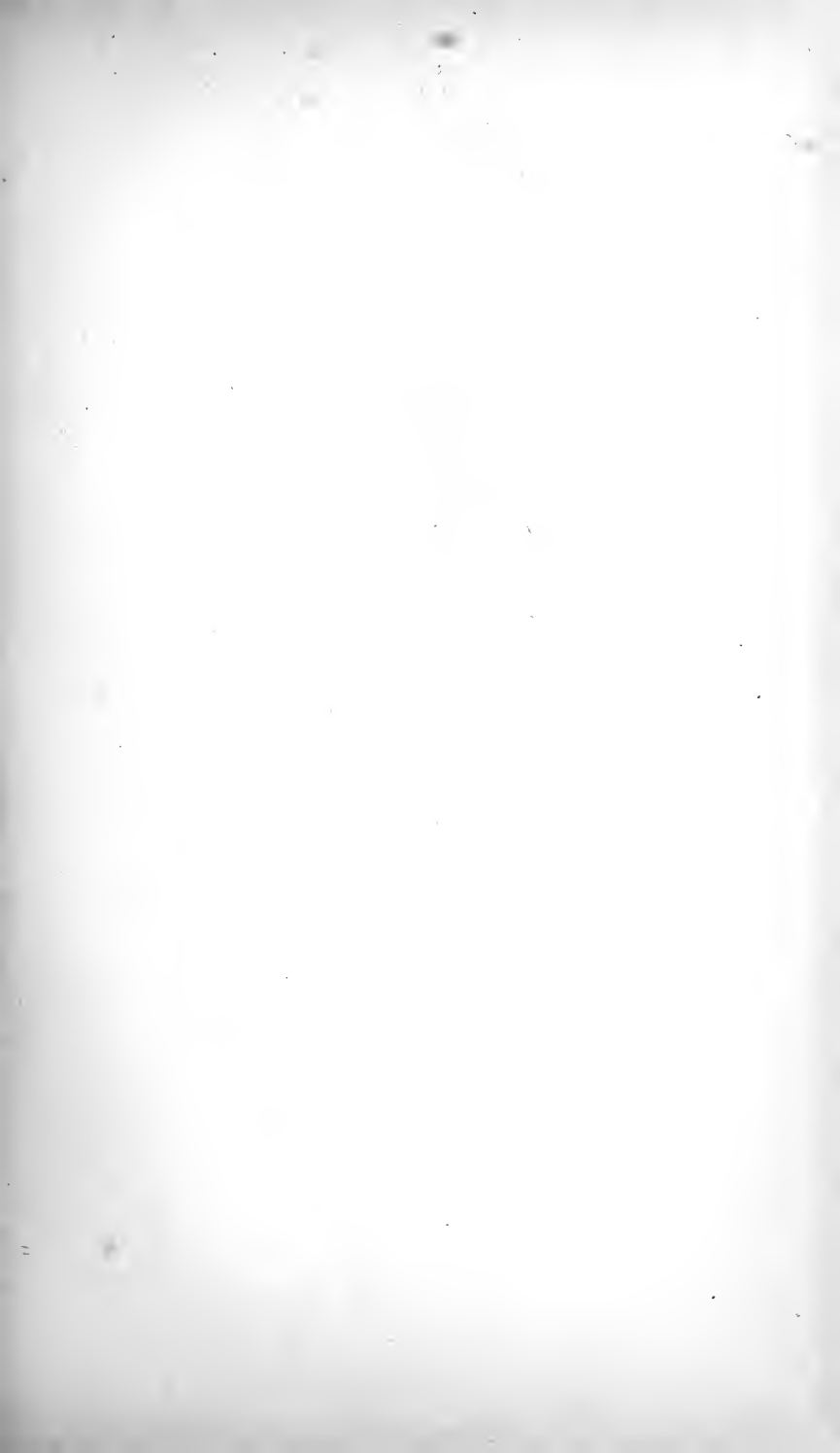
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KATHARINE AT EIGHTEEN



# LITTLE JOURNEYS

OF

## KATHARINE

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BEING THE HISTORY OF VARIOUS TRIPS TAKEN  
BY KATHARINE JANE BLACK AT THE AGES  
OF FOUR, NINE AND FOURTEEN,

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WRITTEN BY HER FATHER,  
DAVID POLLOCK BLACK,

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MADE INTO A BOOK AND PRESENTED TO KATHARINE  
ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

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*No. 1,*

TO  
KATHARINE JANE BLACK  
THIS BOOK  
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED  
BY  
HER FATHER, THE AUTHOR.



**KATHARINE IN THE GOLDEN WEST.**



## CHAPTER I.



ON or about February 1st, 1900, the Black family, consisting of the "Kid" and the "Old Folks", started for a trip to the State of the Setting Sun on the shores of the Great Pacific. The little party did not travel alone on this trip but joined the special train of a personally conducted tour in which the "Paterfamilias" was not the Conductor as was generally the case in these Little Journeys, he being relegated to a subordinate position of sub-deputy, or man of all work, whose duty it was to furnish general information.

This position was assigned him for the reason that he had never been over the route and, of course, knew nothing whatever about it. All he had to do was to keep the rest in ignorance of this fact, a feat not so hard as all were new, and as long as no question was asked that he *did not know*, all was well and his knowledge unquestioned.

Besides the Black family, a number of other Pittsburghers were on the train: Dr. B. and his daughter, the two Miss M's., Mrs. K., Mr. W. and his family, and then there was Birdie and her mother. God bless you! we could never have gotten along without them, for was not Birdie the life of the whole party and her mother and Mrs. K. the mothers and chaperons of the rest of the bunch. Yes, and there was Mrs. J. and her then little son and daughter, and Miss D. and B. and good old Aunt Eliza.

The journey was started over the B. & O. through Washington, Pa., and Wheeling to Cincinnati. At Wheeling, our good friend, Mrs. L., came on the train to bid us goodbye and wish us Godspeed. At Cincinnati, the Pittsburgh car was attached to the Special and headed toward the Sunny South, making the first stop at Chattanooga where one day was spent visiting Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and other points of interest.

The Black family had been over this historic ground before but of course the Kid had to be



shown. The next stop was at Birmingham, but only for an hour or two, just long enough to see the Little Pittsburgh of the South, as the people like to call it. From Birmingham, the train still sped southwardly until New Orleans (the Crescent City) was reached. Here two or three days were to be spent and, as the ladies wished to look pretty, a rush was made for the baggage, when lo and behold! two of the young ladies discovered that the checks they held were only the local express checks given at the house to be delivered up at the depot when the baggage was checked farther.

What dismay when they began to realize that their trunks were quietly reposing at the depot at Pittsburgh while they were a thousand miles from home without a change of clothes. For men it would not have mattered much, but for two young ladies to whom all looked to give the party tone and respectability. What was to be done? Nothing could be done but to telegraph for the trunks to be sent on, but to where?

The stay in New Orleans would not be long enough to allow them to overtake the party and as no stop of any consequence short of Los Angeles was to be made, that must be the point to have them shipped, and a still further trip of two thousand miles to be added to their journey before the baggage could be obtained.

All felt sorry for the young ladies and all sorts of suggestions and advice were freely given. Some said as the trip would be largely through the plains and the Indian country, the costumes of the squaws might be purchased, and as they never change clothing or wash, the trip could be made nicely.

New Orleans is said to be a very interesting city but to most of the party it was somewhat of a disappointment. The "St. Charles", our hotel, was good, and the city itself is so unlike other American cities that this alone created an interest, but the French Market, of which all had heard and wanted to see, was so dirty and the huckster women so filthy that all romance and sentiment

has departed from that attraction in the minds of the whole party. The Cemetery with the graves above ground was odd but uncanny, and especially when one looks around and sees the lizards running around and through the graves. The party was a pretty healthy lot but they were ready to continue their journey lest they, too, might die and be buried there.

Having completed their visit, all were ready to continue their meanderings westward, so the Father of Waters was crossed on a ferry boat and the train boarded at Algiers. With the engine headed for the Setting Sun, we are off for our long ride over the rice swamps of Louisiana, the one hundred eighty counties of Texas which we must cross, consisting of almost all kinds of country, the eastern part fertile and well cultivated; then to the vast grazing country and even to considerable elevation on the mountains and then across a vast expanse of arid plains.

Our first stop was San Antonio, the largest city in Texas, although at that time it had less

than one hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course, we had to see the Alamo. To most of the readers of this little narrative, it is not necessary to explain that the Alamo is not a breakfast food but just an old church, in which a brave little band of Texans held out for days against the cruel and treacherous Mexican forces of Santa Anna, were promised amnesty if they would surrender but who, immediately upon laying down their arms, were cruelly murdered. So the battle cry of the Texans thereafter was "Remember the Alamo", which they did to the great sorrow of the Mexicans later. The barracks of the United States regular soldiers here were visited with a great deal of interest. It was also hinted that several of the male members of the party called at the Antler's saloon but, of course, only to drink a bottle of pop and see the fine display of heads.

After leaving San Antonio, our broker friend, Mr. W., broke the news to the party that he was going to have a little celebration of his own as that was his forty-ninth birthday. This



EN ROUTE



announcement threw the whole party into an uproar, not because he was having a birthday, but because he had not told us before leaving San Antonio, one of the best places in all Texas to celebrate such an event. Here we were on a dry train, in a dry state, and the next stop El Paso, twenty-four hours ahead. All agreed that some punishment should be meted out to him for this offence. Some suggested ducking but where in this part of Texas could you find enough water to duck a fat man like him. Someone suggested that the people of this train were a law unto themselves, and as they were the only sufferers by the culprit's offence, they should make and execute the law as they saw fit. It was said as this train was headed for California, the people on board were virtually Californians, and as the offending party was this day forty-nine years old, he consequently became a "Forty-niner". All Forty-niners know that the only law which the people feared and respected was that made and executed by the Vigilance Committee, and forthwith a

Vigilance Committee was formed composed of both men and women.

The men thought that shooting or hanging would be about the proper thing but this was a peaceful train and no firearms could be found, while the only rope available was the bell rope which the conductor refused to give up, saying it might soil it. Some were afraid the sinner would have to go free but the ladies had not been heard from yet, and as one remarked she had been reading about the early Christians being thrown to wild beasts, it suggested a thought to her. At the last stop, some of the ladies tried to buy some cakes but could get nothing in this line except ginger cakes cut in the shapes of all kinds of animals. These they also found to be very dry and hard, nevertheless a large bag full was purchased. If the offending party were compelled to eat this entire bag of animals, would not he be about as dry as the rest of the party and would not justice be satisfied.

This appeared to meet the approval of all



the Committee so the arrest was made, trial conducted, sentence pronounced and executed with the same neatness and dispatch as though it had happened fifty years ago on the shores of the Great Pacific. But here we are telling long stories and not halfway across Texas yet. As a boy, snakes, bugs and long stories seemed to be the worst three things a boy had to contend with so we will not inflict them on our friends.

El Paso at last! Whew, what a big state Texas is, but here we are at the Western extremity with Mexico just across the river. And what river? The Rio Grande, of course, which means Grand River. But where is the water? Up north, our rivers all have water in them while they tell us here that this river has either too much water or none at all. The Mexicans call it Rio Bravo. They must have named it in the rainy season.

A few hours stop is made at El Paso and of course we must go over to Juarez (pronounced Wars). As there was no bull fight on that day,

the next best thing we could do was to go to the Cathedral and other points of interest which, however, are not many but we are enabled to say we have been in Mexico.

We had a very obliging conductor on the train and if anyone expressed an interest in this or that along the line, he would say: "Would you like to see it? If so, we will stop." Many little adobe houses were passed, occupied mostly by Mexicans. At one of these, a request was made to be permitted to see the way these people lived. The train was promptly stopped and the conductor, who could speak Spanish, accompanied us and showed us through the house, where we saw a family of eight all living in one room. Children here ten and twelve years old had never tasted food of any kind excepting milk when babes and beans afterwards.

After leaving El Paso, the next stop was Tucson, Arizona, where we inspected an Indian school. Some of the star pupils were put through a few stunts to show us how proficient

they were in the Scriptures. The Lord's Prayer, the Creed and a few chapters of the Old and New Testament were rattled off with more or less understanding but when they tackled the Shorter Catechism, a vacant stare was visible on their stolid countenances, which led us to believe that the children of the forest have the same trouble in mastering same that their palefaced brothers have.

Our next stop is Yuma, said to be the hottest place this side of the River Styx, but as it is nearly dark and in February, we are able to stand it during our short stay. However, one hot night is yet before us as we cross the Salton Sea, which is not a sea, by the way, but a plain considerably below sea level.

But oh! what a difference in the morning! At a little after sunrise the train is found to be standing still; yes, on a siding. As we raise our blind, what a sight meets our eyes. Orange orchards everywhere, so close to the train that we may almost reach them,—and orange blossoms

which perfume the morning air for miles around. We are at Redlands, California, and the Kid is hustled out of a sound sleep to see this glorious sight which she is not slow to appreciate, for hardly is she dressed until she is out with her little dress up, gathering up the golden fruit as though they had been grown especially for her. In fact, a good many did appear to be hers, for the owner of the orchard, who was out for an early stroll through the trees, kept piling up the delicious fruit in her lap until she could hardly get up again on to the car steps. The gentleman seemed so pleased to see how the child appreciated his production of fruit that he not only helped her up, but he too came into our drawing-room with his arms full, appearing to enjoy the treat almost as much as we did.

A stop for the day was made here and a delightful day it was; after so much desert, cactus, sagebrush and sand, this beautiful garden spot seemed like an oasis in the Sahara Desert. The drive through the town and among the extensive

orange orchards, and especially the mountain drive through Smiley Heights was one never to be forgotten.

Our next day was spent at Riverside which was almost a repetition of the day before, one of perfect delight, with oranges, lemons and other tropical fruits everywhere. What a difference we find between the fruit growers of California and those of Florida. In the South they charge you retail prices, sometimes more than the fruit would bring in Pittsburgh Market but in the State of Big Things they do not sell at retail. If you want a car load or a train load, you can do business but if you want to buy a dozen, they tell you they do not retail oranges but just go in and "help yourself", which we generally did.

After Riverside came Los Angeles, that fine, bright, growing city, the pride of Southern California. Here is a city growing so fast that if you want to keep posted you must take the census every month. Many pages should be given to even half describe what we saw in this beautiful city,

only our trip was not gotten up for the purpose of seeing large cities but the country and mountains and plains and such other things which we do not have in the East.

'Tis only a short trolley ride to Pasadena and here we find one of God's garden spots and for a place in which to live is hard to beat anywhere. A favorite trip from here is to the top of Mount Lowe. A trolley car is taken to Altadena on the foothills and at the station of the inclined plane. This inclined plane is much longer than those around Pittsburgh, is not of one continuous grade and cannot be seen from one end to the other. At the top of this incline we again take the trolley up a very steep grade to the top of the mountain where "The Tavern" has been erected for the accommodation of tourists. A good dinner is served, a stroll over the mountain is taken and we are ready to descend. A trolley car is boarded and we notice that the trolley pole is tied down while two men are at the brakes; these are released and we are off for a coast of five miles down the mountain,



IN PASADENA, CALIF.





sometimes so close to the edge of great precipices that our hair stands straight up. But we are on and cannot get off until the head of the incline is reached, where most people give a sigh of relief.

A few days are spent at Pasadena, with a drive to Lucky Baldwin's farm, San Gabriel Valley, a trip to Santa Monica, another to Santa Barbara and we are ready to go north via Monterey and stop at the Hotel Del Monte. Thence through the beautiful Santa Clara Valley with a stop at San Jose and Palo Alto. We inspect the splendid show farm of Senator Stanford and the University, etc., then to San Francisco. Here again we would like to tell about Chinatown, the Palace Hotel, fine business streets, Golden Gate Park and the seals on the rocks at Cliff House, but we have said the details of the big cities would not cumber the pages of this little narrative. A side trip to Santa Cruz and the big trees was most delightful and instructive.

Now our journey is about half over and we must set our faces toward the Rising Sun. A

ferry across the bay to Oakland is boarded. Here the Kid found much pleasure throwing crackers to the many sea gulls which followed the boat, and so expert and swift were these birds that no matter how quickly a cracker was thrown to the water, they would get it before it reached the surface. Often several birds at one time would dart after it in such a manner as to make collision appear inevitable, but never once did they so much as tip wings in their scramble for food.

On reaching our train in the depot, we are greeted by our same colored porter, Isaac, who had catered to our wants going West, and ushered into our same old drawing-room, which makes us feel at home. Our first stop was Benecia. How quickly our minds run back to the days when John C. Heenan, the "Benecia Boy", the American Champion, was to wipe up the ground with Tom Sayers, England's worshipped hero of the prize ring. Whether he did or whether he didn't, history is not quite clear, but in our young and patriotic minds, nothing but a famous victory for America was ever for a moment admitted.

Up through the beautiful Sacramento Valley, with thousands of fat cattle grazing in clover knee-deep (as plenty of rain had fallen) was a sight worth remembering. Sacramento, the capital of the State, only claimed us long enough to take lunch and a short stroll. Here surrounded with everything in midsummer attire, if not almost tropical, at one P. M., could we believe that before seven o'clock that same evening we were to be running through snow sheds with snow seven feet deep on the level. Such are the contrasts of this wonderful State of California.

Aunt Eliza never lost an opportunity to collect souvenirs, even though the train had to be held. One or two extra trunks had to be purchased to hold this collection and, of course, like all such collections, some spurious curiosities must crop in and especially when a whole train load of passengers were bent on seeing that such should happen. A large splinter pulled off a plank on the San Francisco wharf was palmed off on the poor old unsuspecting soul as a sliver from

the dispatch boat McCullough, which, fresh from the Battle of Manila, was lying in the harbor. The splinter was supposed to have been blown off by a gunshot from the Spanish gunboats. The fact that the McCullough was only a dispatch boat never appeared to occur to Auntie.

We are now approaching the Dutch Flats, made famous by Bret Harte, and the same old story of the big bats was told and of course Aunt Eliza had to bite, and declared she would not like to pass through the Dutch Flats without seeing the "nine-pound bats". Of course, the train was stopped and not only Aunt Eliza but several others who were curious, climbed down the steps into the snow and up the steep mountain side one hundred fifty or two hundred feet to an old shed, piloted by the conductor and his lantern, only to be shown several nine-pound brick "bats."

The next morning we ran into the famous town of Reno, Nevada. Quite a crowd of people were at the station to meet our train. A little aloof from the rest stood some twelve or fifteen

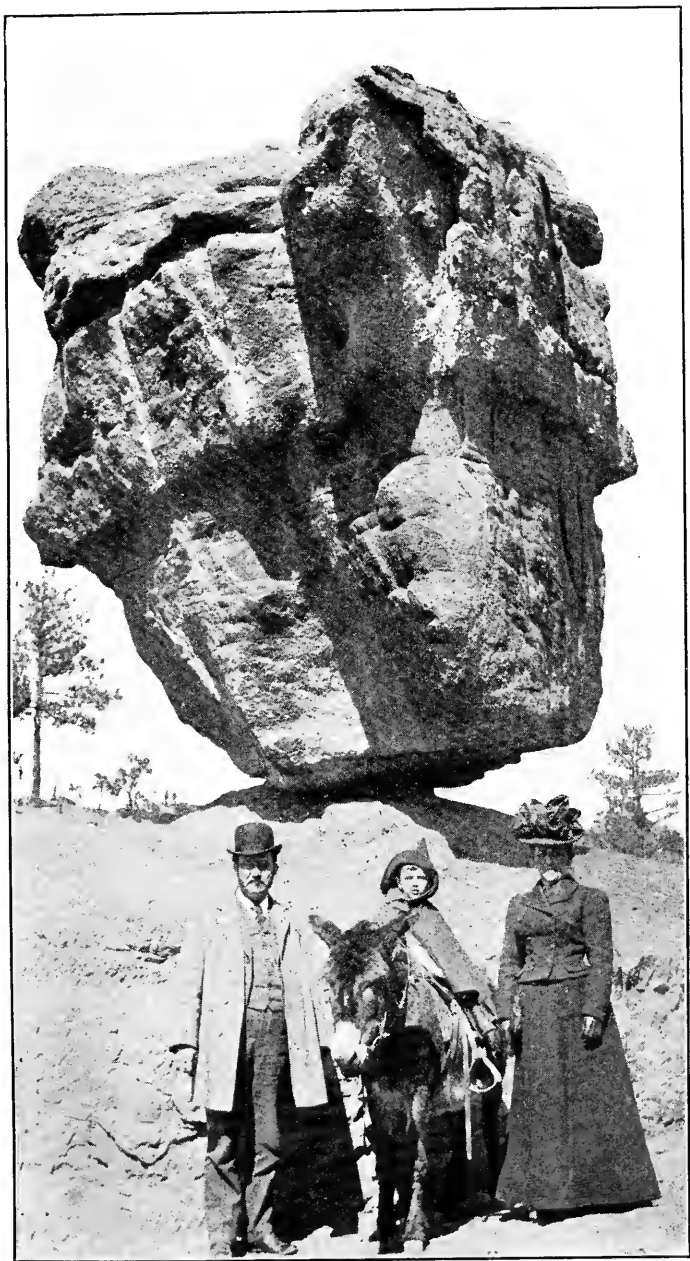
men who we were told constituted the Judge and Jury which met every train so that any married couples wishing divorces could have them granted "while you wait."

The trip over the Sierra Nevadas was grand and when the best view point was reached on Tenessee Pass, our train was stopped long enough to let us get out and walk about to enjoy the scenery. Away down several thousand feet below, we could see a river and wagon road winding down through the valley. A horse and wagon could barely be discerned, so great was our height. The snow also was the first we had encountered at close range since our departure from home.

The long stretch of road over Nevada is very tiresome, nothing to see but sage brush, cactus and sand; no towns of importance until we reach Ogden. Here we make a short stop but we are too near Salt Lake City to be contented to stop long. A short run pulls us into the wonderful Mormon City.

What is the fascination of this place? Is it

the city itself or is it because we know that here Mormonism has existed and flourished, dominating the civil and religious government not only of the city but practically all over the State of Utah. What of the Mormons? Are they a foreign people? Are they of a different race from ourselves? Are they monstrosities with horns and cloven hoofs? Not at all; they are simply plain American citizens who, on account of their religious belief, were driven out of the little town of Nauvoo, Illinois, and in order to be able to believe, preach and practice their religion in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences, they traveled over the then almost unknown trails and mountain passes, to settle in a spot so secluded that further interference seemed next to impossible. But the face of the white man was set westward and they themselves had much to do with blazing the way for others. However, they had time enough to themselves to fix indelibly the imprint of their religion and customs for many generations to come. What



IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS  
BALANCE ROCK





this peculiar people accomplished in a comparatively few years, when conditions are taken into consideration, was simply marvelous.

Of course we were not admitted to the Temple but the Tabernacle was ours to enjoy and listen to the sweet strains of music from that marvelous organ, built almost entirely by unskilled hands in a hall of their own construction, which for acoustic properties has never been equalled. The organist was very gracious and did not lose the opportunity of paying us the compliment of playing "Narcissus" and Foster's melodies, knowing we were loyal Pittsburghers.

Salt Lake City has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best laid out city in America. This may be true from a theorist's standpoint but from a practical real estate man's point of view, it is absolutely the worst. The streets are one hundred twenty-six feet wide and six hundred feet apart, making the squares small farms with no access to the center of the blocks excepting alleys twenty feet wide. Some day a good live real

estate man will come along and widen these alleys to a width of eighty feet and turn the city inside out by taking all the business to the eighty-foot streets instead of the abnormally wide streets for a city of its size.

Of course, we had to go down to the Lake and take a dip. Some of the party were about to dive into the water from the pier but were warned by those who knew that diving into Great Salt Lake was very much like diving into a sandbank, so salt and heavy is the water. The Lake is a good place to learn to swim as one cannot sink if he wants to. Someone remarked that it was strong enough to carry an egg and the wag of the party looked around and said, "Yes, I see it is now carrying several bad eggs."

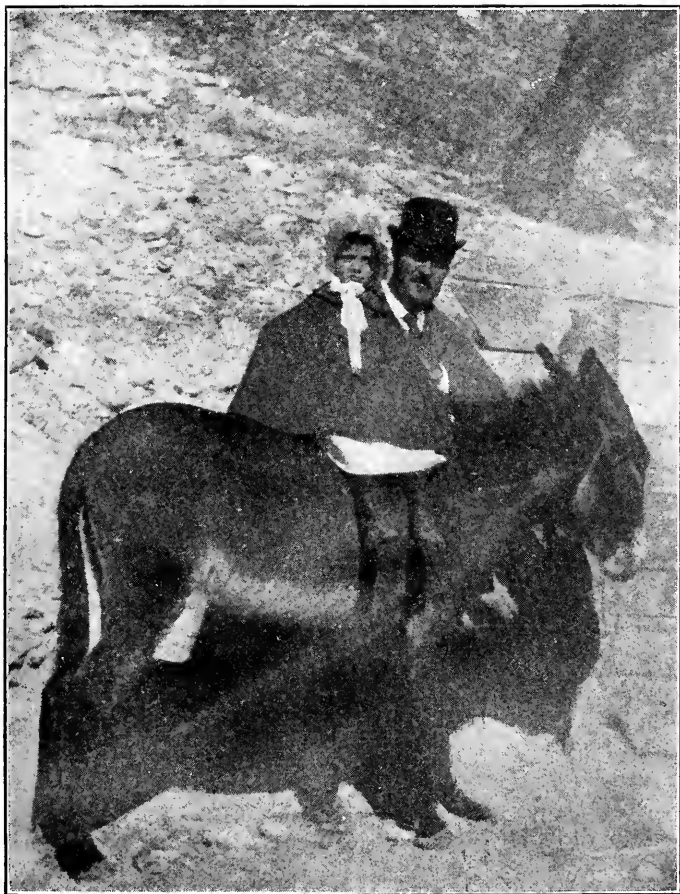
From Salt Lake City to Glenwood Springs, the road is full of fine scenery but the best is left until after passing the Springs. Glenwood Springs is so named because of the water gushing out of the mountain, almost boiling hot and heavily charged with all kinds of curative properties.

Numerous rooms are chiselled out of the rocks into this hot mountain which serve as hot rooms, steam rooms, etc., for the Turkish Bath establishment. The water coming out of the mountain becomes quite a goodsized lake which remains almost too hot to bathe in, notwithstanding it is in the open and snow is piled up all around it. We had the unique experience of bathing in open water almost too hot to be in and at the same time having our friends snowball us from the shore.

After leaving here we almost immediately plunge into the most beautiful mountain scenery and then up over Eagle Pass, we are in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. At this point, we discovered our train was not to go through Leadville, so the conductor was appealed to and he said, "Certainly, if you want to go through a mining town over ten thousand feet high, we will take you that way and give you an hour or two for inspection of the town and mines." Some of our party attempted to see Leadville in too big a hurry but they soon found out that hurrying at this elevation is not the proper thing.

Now our journey is down the Eastern slope of the grand old Rockies and again we discover that our trip via Leadville had thrown us off our schedule time, and if we kept running we would pass through the Grand Canon of the Arkansas River at night. Of course our conductor was seen and at once consented to sidetrack the train at Canon City until morning. The next morning upon reaching the Gorge, the train was stopped and all passengers permitted to walk through so that a better view could be had and again we felt well paid for our trouble.

At Pueblo, a short stop was made, giving time to inspect the city and what attractions they had to show us. Then on to Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. The latter we inspected from the backs of burros so small that we felt like changing and carrying them part of the time. Here we were at the foot of Pike's Peak but as it was winter time and all public ways of ascent closed, we made no effort to go up but drove back from Manitou to Colorado Springs



AT THE FOOT OF PIKE'S PEAK



via Cheyenne Canon and then by train to Denver.

A stop of two or three days was made at Denver, where our good friends Mr. and Mrs. S., entertained us with drives, dinners, etc. Denver is worth several pages, but as already stated, this little tale is not going to fill up its pages describing large cities, and as Denver comes in this class and is getting larger every day, it must be left out and satisfied with the compliment of being left out on account of its size.

At Brown's Palace Hotel here, a ball was being held on the top floor where the dancing hall was located and of course we must all go, but no one was so much in demand as the "Kid," although only four years old. She was asked by the dancing master if she would dance with him and when she accepted, he was considerably surprised as we presume he only wanted to be nice with the child. So well did they dance together that he claimed several more which were enjoyed by all present.

Everyone going to Denver must have the old

stock story put over on him and we were not excepted. For the benefit of those who have not been in Denver and as we may not get a chance to catch you in that city, we will let you have it right here. So healthy is Denver and so many miraculous cures are performed that the visitor becomes skeptical and refuses to believe all that is told him. Then they produce the man who came to Denver one year ago with only one lung but who now has three, the one he brought with him and the two of the young woman he has just married. See?

From Denver to Omaha is but a night, and it is also a night that puts us back from fine weather to the nasty March rain, snow and sleet of our own climate, and we feel at once that we are nearing home. A stop of a few hours is more than enough to satisfy us that Omaha is not a nice place to visit in March, so back to the good warm train we hustle to find Isaac, our black porter, digging out blankets, quilts, etc., for our personal comfort during our journey to Chicago. But Chicago is



no better. Chicago is either too hot or too cold and always windy, and with all more dirty than Pittsburgh. A day or two was spent in Chicago and of course every man we met told us how big Chicago was, how great it was, how fast it was growing, but above all, their greatest boast was that Chicago was undoubtedly the wickedest city on the globe. The latter we had reason to believe, as our faithful Isaac, the porter, was slugged and robbed of all his tips while going from his car to a main street only a few rods away.

Our stay was not long but plenty long enough to get chilled through and through as the snow filled the air and the wind blew as it always does, and we could not help but wonder why all the people in Chicago do not pull up stakes and move to Los Angeles.

Only one more night and we were to be back in dear old Pittsburgh, but when Pittsburgh was reached and we looked out on fifteen inches of snow, we wondered if it really was "dear old Pittsburgh" or had we been deluded, led to be-

lieve that there is no place just like it. We felt very much like the man who came back from the Pacific Coast to his old home town in Ohio, arriving just in time to attend a funeral at which the presiding minister was a new comer in the neighborhood. Said minister, after eulogizing the deceased so far as his limited knowledge of him would permit, remarked that as he was a comparative stranger to the departed friend, he would like someone of those present to make a few remarks. No one appeared willing to speak, so the man from the West arose and said he did not care to say anything on that subject, but if there were no objections, he would like to make a few remarks on the salubrious climate of Southern California.

Now our story is ended, we are back home and thus endeth one of the Early Journeys of Katharine Jane.

KATHARINE AND SOME OTHER  
INNOCENTS ABROAD



## CHAPTER II.



N or about the 20th day of June, 1905, we, the "Bunch," started from Ebonhurst, Pittsburgh, to "do" Europe in the latest up-to-date fashion. I am not going to tell you what a beautiful June evening it was, how gorgeous the sunset, how blue the sky and how green the grass, for you all know just how it was, not only on that particular evening but on most of the evenings of this beautiful month of Brides and Roses—especially Brides. The only thing that made this evening different from others was the grinding out of the more or less discordant notes of a "Dago's" hurdygurdy, to which the children who had called to bid the Kid goodbye, danced on the smooth asphaltum street.

By the way, I forgot to tell you who the Kid is. Well, she is the chief member of the little party aforesaid who are to do England and the Continent. Of course, the Kid cannot go alone

as she is only nine years old. She must have some assistance in making this trip so Aunt Gertie must go along as chief companion and chum of the Kid. Then there must be someone to take care of Aunt Gertie, so the Boss is installed for this purpose. Now, the party is complete were it not for one thing that was almost forgotten. To make a trip like this, it is necessary to have money, so the Conductor was reluctantly invited to go along, and, in order to show him that he was not invited only for the purpose of paying bills, he was given the title of "Conductor." Now, that is not a very dignified title as you who have traveled know, but to him it was great, as he knew only of the grand and all-important conductors of the bob-tailed streetcars that pass his door and who are gracious enough to allow him to ride on their cars for the small sum of five cents.

I am not going to dwell on the trip to New York and tell you how hot and stuffy a sleeper is, already made up, as is the Ten-thirty out of East Liberty. *Not much*, this is to be a pleasure

trip and no such discomforts shall be chronicled here.

Now, in addition to the "Bunch", as above described, our good friends, Col. M. and Mrs. Col. M. accompanied us as far as New York. Of course, this we all appreciated greatly only for the fact, which we could not get out of our heads, that they appeared anxious that we should not miss the boat. On our arrival in New York, we found a great change in temperature and the ladies concluded that they must do some shopping in the way of purchasing some warm wraps. Did you ever notice that ladies must shop until the last minute before sailing and begin at the earliest possible moment after landing? But why should we begrudge them this pleasure? What would traveling be to them without shopping? Shopping not being in the line of the Colonel and the Conductor, they put in the day as best they could until evening, when we all wended our way to Martin's, where we had a good dinner, the last good American dinner for several months.

Next morning we were obliged to be up and about early as our ship had the uncomfortable habit of starting pretty early in the morning. By eight o'clock we were aboard the grand old Baltic, the then largest ship afloat. I say the "grand old Baltic" because she is grandly steady and grandly safe. Other appointments are not to be considered when you feel that you are safe and not throwing up your boots all the way over. So steady was this ship that small vials of tooth wash on our washstands were not thrown over or disturbed in the least.

On board we met, as is always the case, many Pittsburghers, most of whom we knew. Also many prominent people were on board, among whom were the Duke of Sutherland, Dr. Butler, President of Columbia College, Madame Nordica, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Nixon and others. But I must not forget our dear little friend "Fritz". Fritz was little German boy who had been traveling with his father and mother in America and was returning home. Fritz was





**KATHARINE**



about six years old and had the map of Germany written all over his face. Fritz had lost his front teeth and the place where they had been might represent the mouth of the river Elbe and his ears stuck out like the Hartz Mountains on the one side and the Alps on the other. Fritz thought he had discovered his affinity in the Kid with the brown hair and we have never yet given up the idea that an international matrimonial alliance is among the possibilities.

I will not weary you with a description of our ocean trip. Suffice to say that it was uneventful if not rather monotonous. The Baltic is not a fast boat and eight days on her seems as long as thirty days in an automobile. We were to arrive off Queenstown about midnight and as we had not seen land for a good while we concluded to stay up and see the passengers get off on the lighter. The night was very dark and we did not get off Queenstown until two in the morning but we were bound to see "auld Ireland" or at least the sailor boys that come out to meet us. The

sea was quite rough that night but on the great Baltic, away from land or other boats, we were entirely unaware of it. However, when that lighter came alongside, we thought every minute would be her last. It was quite an acrobatic feat to board her and we were quite satisfied that Queenstown was not our port of entry.

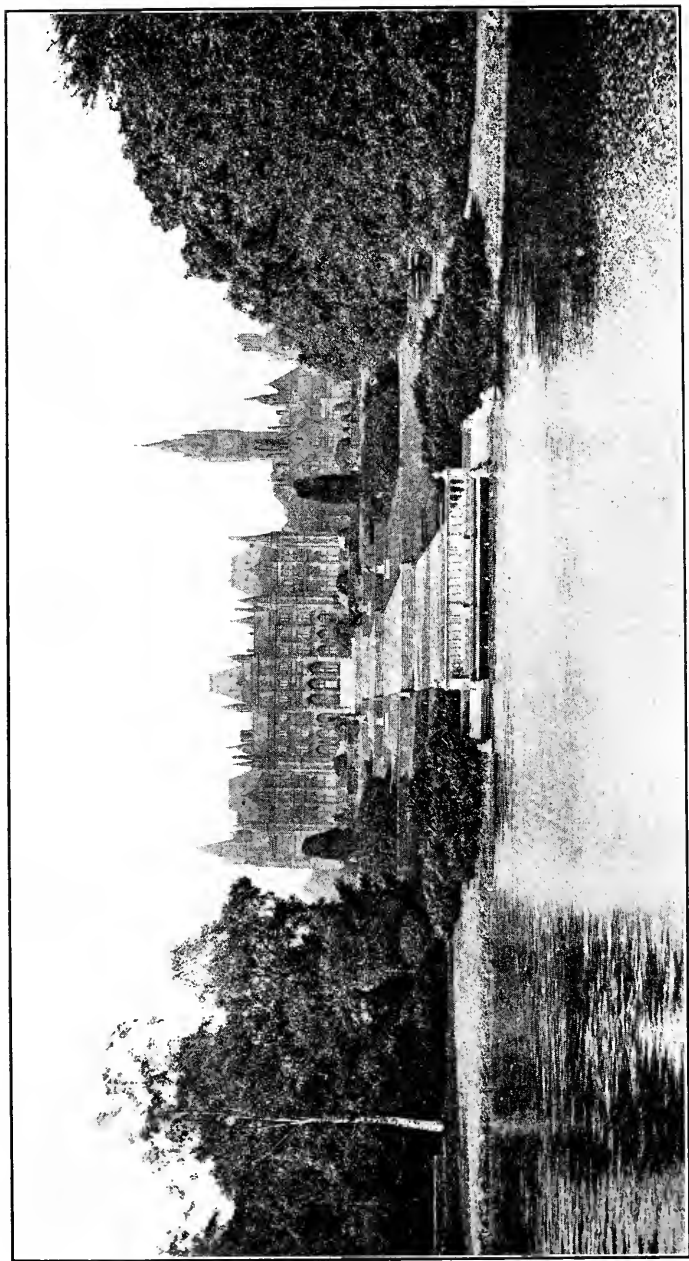
The next day we put in watching the crew bringing baggage out of the hold. All day long the cranes were manned and still they came up—in fact, we thought the whole insides of the ship were coming up, but everything must come to an end. Here we are up to the dock at Liverpool and what a hustle and bustle. The dock is full of cabs, busses and wagons of every description. Passengers and luggage are handled with remarkable skill. The baggage is placed alphabetically along the dock before the custom officers commence their examination. We go in among the porters and help to find our belongings and when one trunk is found we put the Kid on it until we find another and thus we utilize

even the youngest member of our party. Soon we have accounted for all our "luggage"—we must say "luggage" now that we are in old England. The custom officers are very polite and everything is chalked and we are off for the Adelphia Hotel, the old reliable and best hotel in Liverpool, and it looks quite natural as we had stopped there some twenty years before.

Liverpool is not a city of many attractions for the American tourist so we at once begin to look about for something satisfying. Dear old Chester is only twenty miles away with its wealth of antiquities, so down to the three-story depot we go. Now this depot is just like other depots, not three stories high but three stories low, with large one-story sheds and we wonder where the other two stories are. We are told he who would see must look below. Yes, cellar and subcellar. The subcellar is our station; we must start down deep as we immediately pass under the river Mersey which is deep enough to admit the largest ocean vessels. Up to the surface again at Birken-

head, now a part of Liverpool, for even the sometimes called slow Englishman has discovered the advantage of annexing surrounding towns.

Arriving at Chester we seek the best hotel, which is Grosvenor House. After lunch we secure a good carriage and start out to do the town. Here we have our first experience in a trip through a walled city. Chester was an old Roman city and the wall that surrounds it is kept in excellent condition, being from twenty to thirty feet high and broad enough for a fine promenade on top which gives an opportunity for a splendid view of the city from many points. The Cathedral of Chester is one of the finest in England and with such a history that I am afraid to tell you all we heard. Here, too, we find the "Rows". Now perhaps you do not know what the "Rows" are. I don't wonder; no one would from the name. Neither would you after seeing them, for no two houses in them are in row with each other. The Rows, however, are houses built several hundred years ago, having two first



EATON HALL, HOME OF DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, NEAR CHESTER, ENGLAND





floors with sidewalks passing the front doors of each floor, the upper sidewalk rising at the end of the square so as to soon reach the second story level and continue so until approaching the next cross street. Most of the buildings along these two-story streets are filled with small curiosity shops depending largely on the tourist for patronage but in some were grocery, jewelry and drygoods stores.

We drive out to Eaton Hall. This is the country residence of the Duke of Westminster and one of the most magnificent in all England. It is several miles from the front gate to the mansion through splendid lawns and gardens. Tourists are made welcome both to roam over the house, grounds and stables, but no automobiles are allowed. These are excluded, we found on inquiry, because they scare the deer and other wild game which abound in great numbers. Anyone visiting England should not miss Chester and its surroundings. Having seen all this and much more, we return to Liverpool. Now it is our in-

tention to hire an automobile and wend our way down to London. We want to avoid the "black country" which means Birmingham, New Castle, etc., as we have plenty of that at home. So we start north instead of south and continue in that direction until we reach York.

Yes, dear old York, another walled town with a cathedral, lots of history and a brogue. Do not think that the Irishman is the only man with a brogue. The Yorkshire man can put the man from Tipperary to shame. In fact, it is so raspy that it will shell corn when talked into a crib. York has solved the problem of a combined depot and hotel. The train lands one on the back porch under roof; no cab is required; the porter carries our luggage into the office where we are booked for rooms, which we accept with fear and trembling, fearing our only view will be of railroad tracks and that we shall be lulled to sleep with the puffing of the locomotive. With what surprise and delight we throw open our windows and see nothing but beautiful park and flowers

everywhere. We have been conducted to the other side of the house. No sound or smell of the railroad reached us and we awoke in the morning to the song of the lark and to be greeted with the sweet perfumes of our front window flower garden. Old York is beautiful; we have spent a day and a night there most profitably, but our "Motor Car" as "we English" call it, is at the door so we must say goodbye and be off.

But you have not had a description of our "Motor Car". The most noticeable thing about it was the oldfashioned rear door with the seat on it just big enough for the Kid to sit on; Aunt Gertie and the Boss on either side of her and the Conductor in front with the Driver. You must be sure and say "Driver" and not "Chauffeur" in England. Further description of the car we are unable to give but think it had four wheels. Our Driver was not a real Driver, but a Sailor, one who had been around the world twice and, although he was born and had lived in Liverpool, he had never been to London and did not know the

road or any part of it. In steering the car, he always looked back as though he expected the rudder to respond. Notwithstanding, he was a very pleasant fellow and at that date all chauffeurs were new.

'Twas the second day of July, the beginning of the English harvest. The perfume of the newmown hay and the ripening barley filled the air. A light rain had fallen the night before, enough to lay the dust and we sailed past the beautiful green fields with the fat sleek cattle grazing therein. All stock appears fat in England. Now and then a covey of quail or stately pheasant would walk across the road ahead of us. But hark! the baying of hounds! We were unable to locate them, but "Tommy Atkins" thinks they are on our larboard side. The ladies are asked by the Conductor, who has some sporting blood in his veins, if they hear that glorious sound, but they declare they can hear nothing for the howling of the darned dogs. Closer and closer they come and all of a sudden, thirty or



**ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK**



forty hounds of all colors—spotted, white, tan and brindle—cross the road ahead of us to be followed by ten or a dozen redcoats on their splendid English hunters, which take the hedges with the greatest grace and ease. Surely this is sport in Merrie Old England.

On we sped over the fine English roads, the first town being Selby, but as it was not large and did not offer any great attractions, we did not stop, but continued on to Doncaster, where a short stop was made. Sheffield was not directly on our way, but as Sheffield knives and forks had fed us for so many years, we felt it our duty to at least call and pay our respects. Sheffield looks something like Pittsburgh and is about the same size or a little larger. Nottingham was our objective point to stop over night, but when we got near Mansfield, a heavy rainstorm came up and we made that port. Here we found a quaint old stagecoach hotel that appealed to us, so we concluded to put up there for the night.

This was our first experience in the small

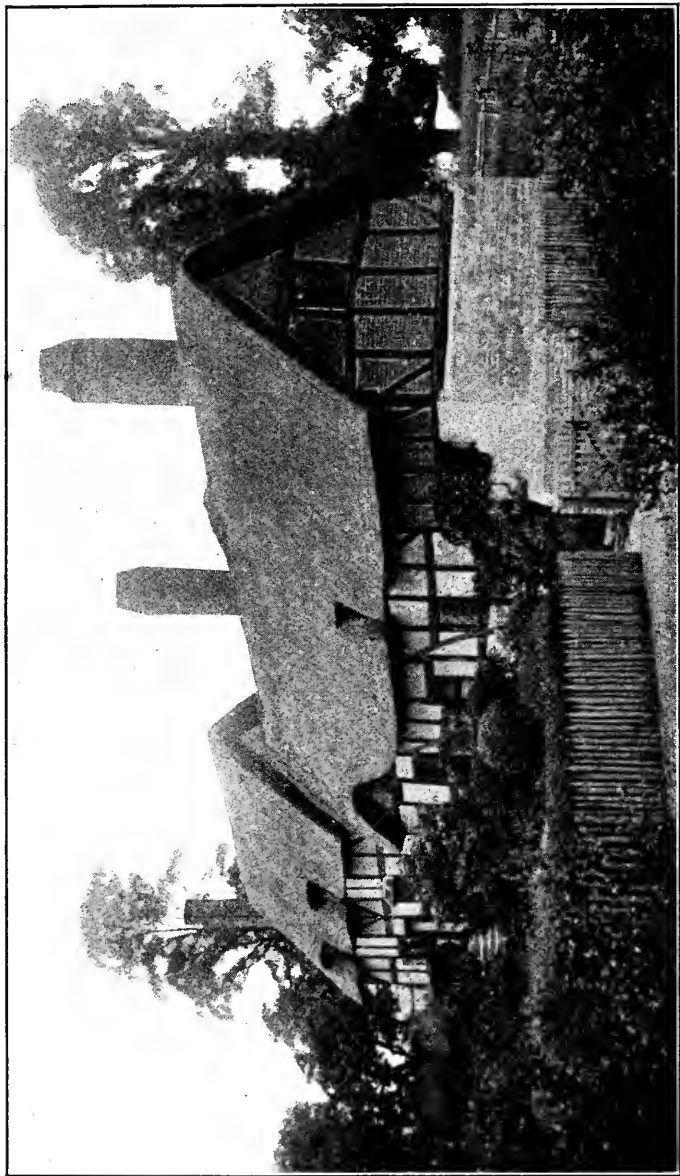
English town "Inn," and as we were prepared to extol the beauties of this kind of a hotel, nothing met our eyes that did not bring forth an expression of joy. The old fourposter bed with its spreading canopy, made way back dear only knows when; with it our imagination soon got busy and manufactured a history that would have made glad the heart of the oldest antique dealer. Oliver Cromwell, Shakespeare and, some were even willing to insist, the Black Prince himself had occupied this venerable couch. But the Conductor, wholly lacking in sentiment and cruel enough to throw cold water on our fondest imaginations, said he was willing to bet twenty shillings that it was made in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Now, you must know that this was not a paid conductor, but a paying conductor, which is entirely different. A paid conductor is one who wants to give you the worth of your money and is ready to stuff you with all kinds of legends, being only restricted by the extent of gullibility of his patrons. Even the musty odor was entirely



in keeping with the place and went far to prove its great age, but again, the Conductor said this was no doubt caused by the remains of deceased rats under the floor. Can you imagine a more cruel remark to make to honest sentimental tourists who were trying to get all they could out of a trip like this? People cannot be too careful in selecting a conductor if they want to enjoy to the fullest extent a trip abroad. Mark Twain once said that he was very careful in selecting his parents, but even that is not so important as the selection of a conductor. So with all our discouragements, we enjoyed the stop at this little old-fashioned inn little more than if it had been a mere Waldorf-Astoria or a Ritz-Carlton at which anybody can stop.

In the morning our road lay directly through Sherwood forests and the Kid was looking behind every tree for Robin Hood, but the Conductor said he was much more afraid of the Sheriff of Nottingham, as our Sailor Driver had gotten more confidence in the car and was letting

it out and exceeding the speed limit. Nottingham was reached before noon, so only a short stop was made in order to reach Leicester for lunch, where we found a quaint old-fashioned hotel, but clean and well kept; not even the smell of old age and—other things. Having enjoyed our lunch and given our iron steed a good drink of “petrol”—in this country it would be gasoline, but in England petrol always—we are off again over the fine hard roads through Rugby and Coventry. As there was no football on at Rugby, and as Lady Godiva did not ride on this particular day, we did not stop long, but headed directly for Kenilworth Castle. Here we got our first experience with England’s very clear water. After leaving the main road for a by road leading toward the Castle, we were obliged to cross a small stream, but as the water was very clear and the bottom could be plainly seen, it appeared very shallow and our Driver failed to slack up. But it was deeper than he had calculated, and the radiator making a splendid batter-



HOME OF ANN HATHAWAY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON



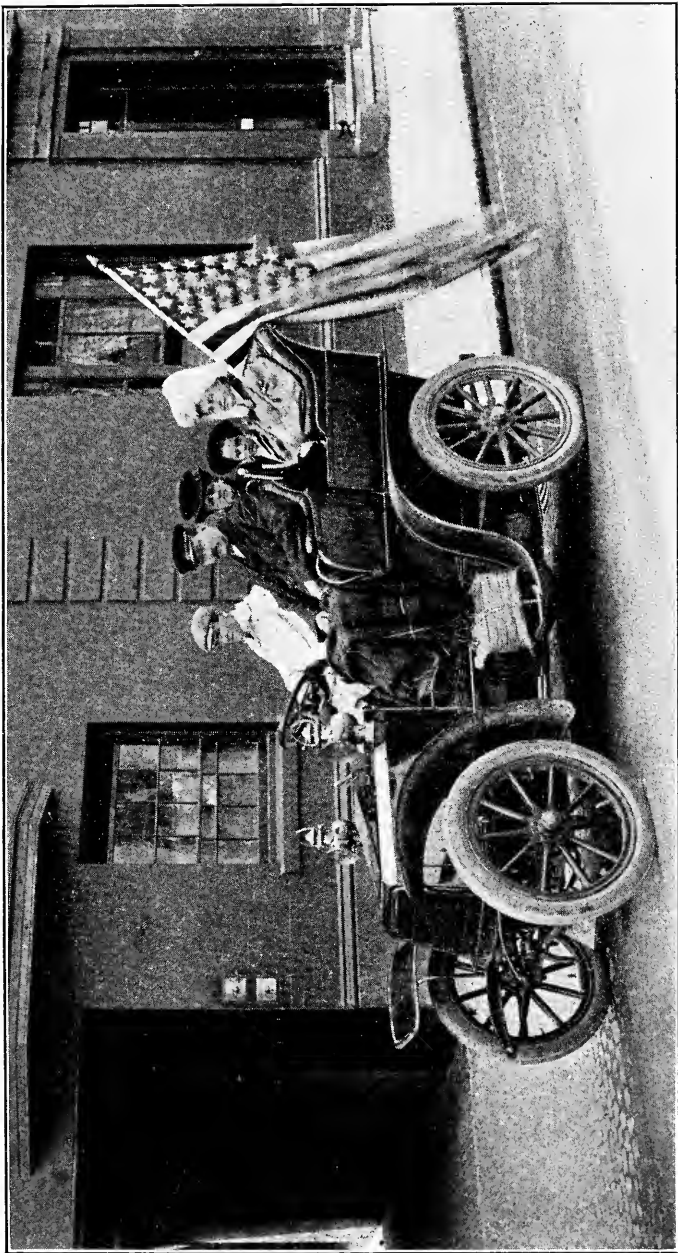
ing-ram, the water was thrown high in the air, and as our speed was such as to bring us immediately under it as it came down, we were completely drenched. We were well prepared for rain, as all who travel in England must be, but we were caught off our guard this time.

It is beyond our power to describe the grand old ruined Castle. Neither will we attempt to tell you of the high old jinks that must have taken place there as well as the plots and intrigues, but we all know that England's grand old Virgin Queen and her associates pulled off some stunts that would have made New York's Four Hundred sit up and take notice.

Lemington, the center of the Shakespeare attractions, is our destination and our stopping place for the night. Hotel Regent, what a delightful stopping place after a long day's ride. I wonder how many Americans have stopped there. The next morning our Conductor came down and stated to the proprietor that it was the 4th day of July, he did not know whether

he could get along without seeing an American flag and asked where he might be able to purchase one. The host very kindly directed him to a store where he thought the desired emblem could be had, stating that he had not thought of it being the 4th of July. He immediately proceeded to unfurl the Stars and Stripes over the hotel, which he gallantly referred to the Conductor's attention on his return, saying: "Do you see what has grown over the hotel since you went out?" Our flag was larger than we had thought of getting and had a staff. It was alright when the car was going, but dragged on the ground a little when stopped. All that day we displayed grand Old Glory and not once was she insulted, but many times saluted, and especially by our friends, the Irish, who do most of the repairing of the roads.

Our first stop was at Warwick, the quaint old town and grand old castle. Warwick Castle is not a ruin like Kenilworth, but is in fine repair and occupied by one of the family known for so



CARRYING OLD GLORY THROUGH ENGLAND ON JULY 4TH, 1905 AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON





many generations as the King Makers of England. This little narrative is not intended as a guidebook, so we will not attempt to describe what we saw here, but must say the fine old castle, the beautiful grounds, the splendid old trees transplanted from Lebanon, and the gorgeous peacocks that startle you on all occasions by their hideous screeches or the sudden display of their magnificent plumage, leave an impression that is not easily forgotten.

Then comes quaint old Stratford-on-Avon, not the town but the history that most interests us, and what of the history? It is here that the greatest writer of the English language was born, married, died and was buried. Yes, it is true that at Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakespeare was born and here he married Anne Hathaway, and here in the church lays his mortal remains, and here in this church over his remains is the marble slab with this inscription which *he* evidently composed.

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here,  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

But did the man who wrote this doggerel compose England’s greatest literary works? Everyone must judge for himself.

Most tourists have their official photographer along but we are the exception so the town artist is employed. We should have gone to one of the historic houses and used it as a background for the picture, but this Bunch wants both its story and picture to be free from sentiment or anything that might resemble the legends and fairy tales pumped into us. With the picture taken, there is nothing more to keep us, so the rudder is set heading us for Oxford, where we arrive shortly before sundown to find a brass band playing in the public square. We thought it was probably playing in honor of our arrival, but were sure of it when, catching sight of Old

Glory, they changed their tune to the Stars and Stripes Forever, and we promptly dipped our flag in recognition of the compliment extended.

Here at historic old Oxford we must spend the night and a very comfortable hotel was found. In traveling it is the little things that strike us more than the big ones. With reference to the customs and manners of the people, for instance, the Conductor had occasion to seek a telegraph office and was directed down street where he was looking but unable for the moment to locate. A very nice looking gentleman approached him, stating he observed he (the Conductor) was a stranger and suggested that he might be able to be of service in finding what was wanted. When told the object of the search, the gentleman immediately turned back and walked several hundred feet to show where to find the office. It struck us how nice and obliging this was, but would it occur in America? I am afraid not, but how much better that it should. The next day we had the pleasure of again meeting this

gentleman in one of the colleges where he was a professor. The recognition was mutual and very pleasant.

After seeing through most of the college buildings and grounds, we started for Henley, where the international rowing races were being held. Here we saw a beautiful sight; all the house boats, grand stands, etc., beautifully decorated and the flags of all nations floating to the breeze. We were in just time to see the race between the Leanders and our own Philadelphias and also to see our own home team beaten, so "subsequent proceedings interested us no more" and we wended our way down to Windsor Castle, which we went through, and, after a late lunch, started to complete the first link of our automobile trip to London. So down through Windsor town and over the bridge past Eaton College and down the King's Road, but as we approached the World's Metropolis, we found the tremendous traffic was hindering our progress, so as we were more or less familiar with the way, we cut across

through St. James Park and up through Waterloo Place to Pall Mall, arriving at the Carlton Hotel a little before dark. We had telegraphed for rooms, and upon being given our names, all from the proprietor to the bell boy seemed to know all about us and where our rooms were. This is good hotel keeping.

As we intended to spend several weeks here, we let our Sailor Driver go. We were sorry to lose him, as he had been a very obliging and pleasant fellow and seemed like one of our party. The Conductor gave him a comfortable tip and suggested as he had never seen London this would be an opportunity and was surprised to hear him say that he had always heard London was a pretty bad place for sailors and he thought he would start back at once, stopping till morning at a small town on the road. Perhaps he was right.

London was not new to any of us except the Kid, but is always interesting to anyone unless it be our "Tommy Atkins". After a thorough scrubbing we dressed and came down to dinner

and felt quite at home when we heard the beautiful strains of music and recognized our own townsman, Bert Nevin's "Narcissus". As we were all hungry we ordered a good dinner. Being also very dry we observed with interest that a number of people were partaking apparently with much relish a drink from the look of which had we been south of Mason's and Dixon's line, we should have pronounced a "Mint Julep," but as the liquid appeared white and sparkled considerably, the ladies said it was either apollinaris or vichy with mint in it and of course a soft drink, and as it looked so refreshing said they would have some too. One glass, while touching the spot, did not seem to be sufficient to quench the thirst which the long ride had created, and another was ordered and drank with much relish. The Conductor did not want to spoil the pleasure of the dinner by saying just then that "champagne cup" is not classed among the soft drinks and thought he would say nothing about it, allowing it to speak for itself. On going to our rooms the ladies re-

marked that they believed riding in an automobile had the same effect as the ship, leaving one with sea legs for awhile.

As this little narrative is only to be a booklet, it will be impossible to tell what we saw in London, but of course the Kid must see the Tower, St. Paul's, Hyde Park, Rotten Row, Kew Gardens, the British Museum, the Parliament Buildings, Westminster Abbey and a thousand and one other things. There are two ways of seeing London, one is to spend about two weeks and see in a superficial way the most notable things, and the other is to spend a lifetime, neither of which would complete the job. Well, as we did not have a lifetime at our disposal for this purpose, we chose the former way and let it go at that.

On leaving London our next objective point was Ostend, Belgium. On making inquiry as to the best hotel at Ostend, we were told the Hotel Splendide certainly would give us full satisfaction and as the name sounded good to us, to the Splen-

dide we went and never regretted it. The train ride down to Dover was pleasant and not too long and even the trip over the Channel was very pleasant for once,—not a roll or white cap to make us afraid. Being met at the door of the Hotel Splendide by the hall porter, a fullblooded Hindu dressed in all the splendors of the East, we thought we might have made a mistake and arrived in the Orient instead of Continental Europe. Our stay at this beautiful watering place was most delightful. The nice little bathing-wagons instead of our bathhouses were a real curiosity to us. These bathhouses are on wheels and when you enter them a man hitches a horse to them and hauls you down to the water's edge where you get out after having put on your bathing suit and take your bath. Of course you are expected to remember the number of your bathingwagon to which you return and again dress, throwing out your wet bathing suit to be gathered up and tipping your attendant. Then you pull a string, fastening the ring in the end on to a hook which raises



a small flag on the outside of the wagon which is the signal to the man with the horse to pull you up the beach again and your ablution is completed.

While we had been obliged to see our own countrymen defeated in a rowing contest in England, we had the great satisfaction of seeing our own crack New York polo team defeat the great Hungarian noblemen's team. The Hungarians were a splendid looking lot of men but did not appear to have the skill or horsemanship that our men had and they went down to defeat with not any too good grace as they seemed to be hard losers.

From Ostend we went to The Hague without stopping at either Antwerp or Brussels, as we had been both places before and were anxious to press on to the land of the Dutchman. What a quaint and beautiful city is Holland's capital with The House in the Woods and its other attractions. All visitors at The Hague of course must go down to Holland's seashore resort, Scheveningen, but nice as it is, it cannot be compared to Ostend.

From the Hague we go to Amsterdam and see Holland's metropolis and a fine city it is with its streets of water as well as land. One almost thinks he is in Venice and especially at night when we look from the windows of the Hotel Amstel and see the thousands of colored lights arching the river and canals. Of course we must go to see the diamonds being cut, and the old palaces and galleries and what not, but the most interesting trip is down the river by boat to Zaandam, then by auto or carriage to Monnickendam, where we get a nice clean lunch, and then get into a small boat with a boatman dressed in all the gorgeous trousers and other trimmings of the medieval Dutchman, for a nice sail to the Island of Marken where all the people from the youngest to the oldest dress as their ancestors did for hundreds of years past. The little boys and girls are dressed exactly alike except that the boy has a button on the crown of his cap. The young lovers walk around with their little fingers locked together, the many skirts of the young lady and



VOLENDAM



the great bulging trousers of the young man, making it impossible for them to get closer together. After going through several of the neat and clean little houses where a family of father and mother and six or seven children all live in one room, with only one bed visible, we wonder where so many sleep, but are shown that what looked like drawers were really beds shoved into the wall during the daytime and drawn out at night.

After seeing the people and their customs in this interesting Island, we again take a sail boat and land on the mainland at Volendam. Here we see another kind of dress, much like those on the Island of Marken, but of a richer material and of better make. The people of Volendam are well-to-do and their Sunday dress probably cost more than your best "bib and tucker". From Volendam we drive to Edam, where the best Edam cheese is made. Here we go through the cheese factory and stables for the cows which are clean as anybody's house. Of course we buy some cheese and have it sent over in bond. It proba-

bly costs more than it would to buy it from your grocer, but one has the satisfaction of knowing that it is the real thing.

Back to old Amsterdam, but we have lost all desire to see more of a big city since our delightful visit among the people of the Island of Marken and Volendam and all the rest of the dams, so we to "Deutschland Kommen" and up the famous Rhine we pass through the towns of Dusseldorf, Cologne, and past Bonn, Coblenz and Fair Bingen on the Rhine and in spite of all we can do, the old familiar poem keeps running through our heads:

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was  
dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-  
blood ebb'd away,

And bent with pitying glances to hear what he  
might say.

The dying soldier faltered as he took that com-  
rade's hand,

And he said, 'I never more shall see my own, my  
native land.

Take a message and a token to some distant friends  
of mine,

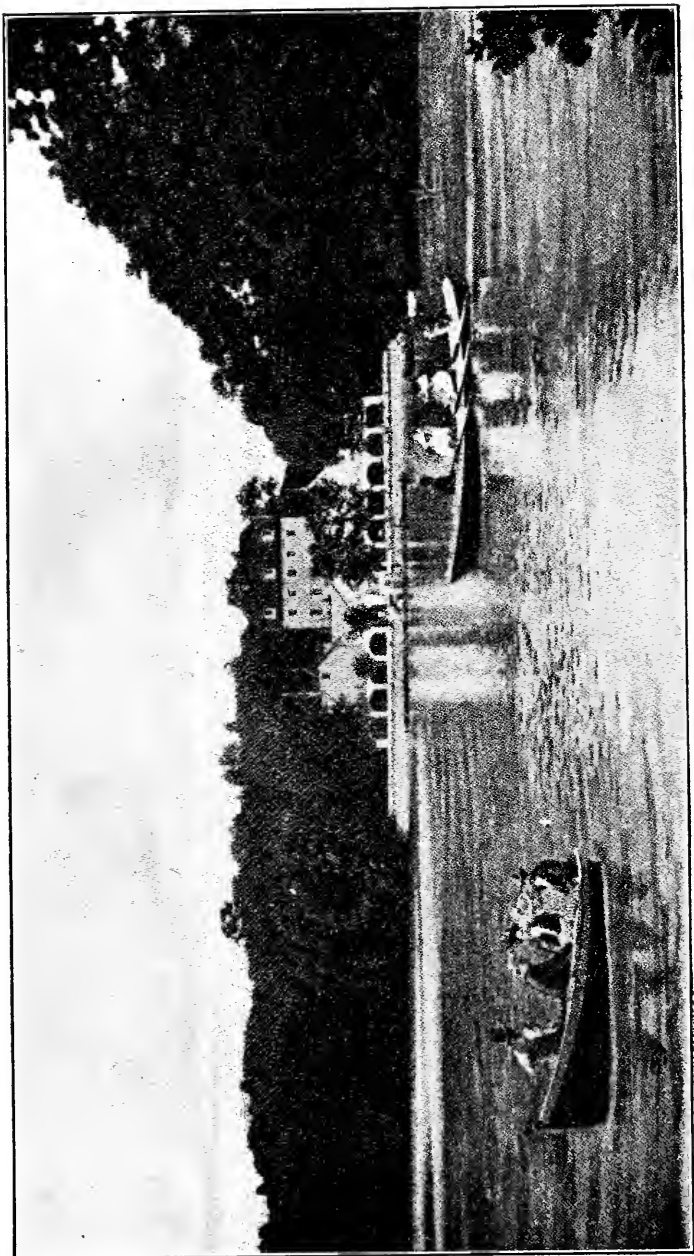
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the  
Rhine.’ ”

But this a practical age, so terribly practical  
that half of the poetry and sentiment, if not all,  
are ground out of us as the cruel locomotive  
wheels keep whirling along the top of the steel  
rails, bearing us to Frankfort-on-the-Main.

We have pleasant recollections of Frankfort  
of years gone by but we find a new city. We are  
whirled up to the best hotel in the city—the grand  
Hotel Furstenhof, as cold as an iceberg and as  
new as Chicago. Are we to be deprived of all  
of the quiet comforts of old cities? If so, why  
not stay at home? New York can furnish bet-  
ter hotels than any new city in Europe. How-  
ever, Frankfort is a fine city and a good central  
place to stop. Here we concluded to hire a ma-  
chine. Directions were gotten where to go and  
the Conductor after considerable difficulty found  
the place. He also found a lot of people who

spoke the worst German on top of dirt; he could not understand them and of course they could not understand him. It became plainly evident that the services of an interpreter were absolutely necessary, but where in the world could you find anybody who could understand such Dutch? They said a young man had just come in who was touring the country, wanting some repairs made, and "he might be able to understand *you*". What do you think of that? The young man was brought forth. He looked good. He probably had traveled in England. The Conductor asked him if he could speak English and was told promptly that he could speak nothing else. Now how was that to help out? The Conductor felt all along that he could do that but a fellow feeling seemed to exist between them as they could at least understand each other. On being asked if he lived in England, he said, No, in the United States. Which? Pennsylvania. Where in Pennsylvania? In Pittsburgh. Where in Pittsburgh? East End. "Why, for heaven's sake", cried the Con-





BAD NAUHEIM



ductor, "you don't live at the corner of Penn and Murtland Avenues, do you?" Not quite, just one square southeast. What's your name? Moore. "I know your father well," said the Conductor, and thus our great big world grows small. But how were we to get a machine if he could speak no more German than his name would indicate and a week's touring had taught him? Necessity knows no law and very little German, but when you want a machine and they want your money, you generally get together; so did we.

The next morning found the machine at the hotel door and in a few minutes we were headed for the mountains with the beautiful watering place, Homburg, as our destination. Homburg is a favorite stopping place for the Kaiser, but he was not there while we were. We presume he did not care to divide honors with us. From Homburg to Bad Nauheim was our next move and then to Wiesbaden, all beautiful places. In Wiesbaden we had our first and only accident. A big German and a small pushcart. The cart had four

three-gallon cans of milk on it before we struck it. What that big man said to us was a plenty. We all understood him. Isn't it strange that swearing is so much alike in all languages? There is one sure panacea for troubles-in Europe, however, and after a handful of change had been applied, that great big German face which looked so terrible to us before beamed like a harvest moon. Then we began to wonder how long it would take him to load up again and hide in the alley awaiting the approach of another automobile. Oh, these honest Germans, one cannot most always sometimes generally tell.

Back to Frankfort, then to Darmstadt and Heidelberg. Yes, dear old Heidelberg, nestled in among the hills with history and legends galore. What a book it would all make. The great castle on the mountain above and the swiftly flowing Neckar at its feet, the University and the Beer Gardens vying with each other for supremacy in the town itself. Our auto was to be at the door at eight o'clock but late the night be-

fore, the Conductor learned that seven duels between the swellest of the swell aristocratic German students would be pulled off on the mountain across the river beginning at seven A. M., and as he was a man of peace and deplored the very existence of such a horrible practice, he felt it his honest duty to attend at this function and perhaps he could persuade them to desist. So word was sent to the garage not to have the machine ready until nine o'clock. In order to reach the field of battle in good time, an early start was made. After swallowing a cup of coffee, a carriage was secured and the driver tipped off as to where to go and given to understand that no time must be lost lest blood might unnecessarily be shed before our peacemaker could reach the scene.

After a hard drive far up the mountain, a little inn was found where the slaughter was to take place. The tap room was already opened and doing a good business with combatants, their friends, doctors and undertakers, all of whom had come over in case their services might be needed.

On the second floor a large room was provided with no furniture but an operating table which was covered with bandages, surgeons' needles, etc. While preparations were being made, our hero (the Conductor) was permitted to remain in this room, but when everything was completed, he was informed that as the duels to be fought this morning were between members of the very first families of the Fatherland, no spectators would be allowed to remain in the room. We were unable to say why this rule was adopted unless they were afraid our Conductor would faint at the sight of blood and especially such blue blood. However, the mountainside rose immediately in the rear of the house in such a manner that one could walk right up level with the window and thus look in and see as well as if inside.

After a very great deal of preparation by the principals and their seconds and special examinations by the doctors, all eventually seemed to be ready. We were unable to imagine why the doctors were so particular unless they were testing

their hearts or looking to see if a yellow streak existed somewhere. Well, at last everything appeared to be quite ready. The first couple out were two boys about eighteen or nineteen years of age. One toed the mark with great nonchalance while the other came with fear and trembling and had to be supported. However, he must have had great courage to overcome such terrible fear. In his pitiable condition nothing could be expected of him so at the command of the referee, a slash, a stroke or two, and he had received a gash across the cheek that was to pronounce him a hero for life. Honor had been satisfied. He was put on the operating table by the doctors and his wounds sewed up, but not too closely,—it must be done in such a manner as to leave a horrible scar that would disfigure him through life. The next battle was between two older students and was somewhat a better entertainment, as entertainment it was, there being no danger of serious injury but only the disfiguring process as above stated. After witnessing five contests and being

fully satisfied with this line of amusement,—a start was made with the feeling that the German duel is not so dangerous as our wrestling matches nor so artistic as our prize fights. Much of the awe and admiration for the man with the sword scar has departed from us.

The iron horse that was to carry us to Strassburg by way of Baden Baden was at the door and all were impatient to start. The diminutive looking machine seemed entirely incapable of carrying us out of this mountainous country, but the chauffeur insisted that "the road is good". This was about the extent of his English vocabulary. Our German friend was right; it appeared hardly fifteen minutes until we had left the mountains and were in the open country consisting of the typical small farms of southern Germany. How little the German farmer has improved his condition in the last two hundred years. Wheat, rye and barley were being harvested entirely without machinery. A kit of farm hands consists of five persons, four women and one man and he an old man



at that, as all the young men are either in the army, at school, or as is the case in this country, gotten tired of the farm and gone to the city for employment and to seek their fortunes.

The little machine did nobly and long before noon Carlsruhe, the home of Bismarck, was passed and we were approaching Baden Baden, but here we must encounter some mountains again. Baden Baden is a small place, only known as a watering-place, but very pretty with several good hotels and a fine "Bad Haus" as the Springs and Casino are called. We get a good lunch at the Hotel Stephanie, drink as much water as we can hold and, after resting and sightseeing for an hour or two, we are off for Strassburg, which we reach about sundown. Here we find a beautiful city and quaint old town combined where all the old people speak French and all the young ones German. Strassburg, as you know, as well as all of Alsace and Lorraine, were a part of the indemnity exacted from France by Bismarck at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. Since that time Ger-

many has been trying to Germanize the people by forbidding the teaching of French in the public schools. The old as a rule, and many of the young, are still loyal to France on the quiet. Emperor William has tried to win the people by building a new "Schloss" here, the first new Schloss we have ever seen. It appeared deserted and, as we passed through it only a few guides and many guards were visible, so all in all, we doubt if the Kaiser finds it a very congenial abiding place.

After Strassburg we turn our faces toward Switzerland and up alongside the Rhine, through Bale (pronounced Basel) to Lucerne. Rooms had been telegraphed for at The Sweitzerhof where we had stopped years before with great comfort, but what was our disappointment when we arrived to be told that the house was entirely full. They told us, however, that they had secured rooms for us at a little new hotel just below which they felt sure we would like and enjoy. We doubted it, but were delighted to find that

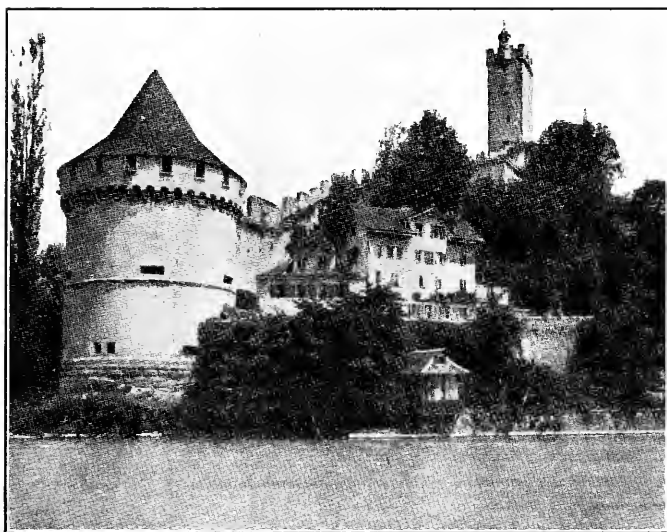
the rooms engaged for us were on the second floor with a nice balcony overlooking directly on Lake Lucerne. The Carnival of Venice, which is celebrated once a year, was being held and as it was now dark, hundreds of brilliantly lighted boats crowded with dancers, all dressed in the costumes of the country, were continually passing to and fro in front of the hotel. We were particularly hungry and yet did not want to miss any of the pageant, so we had our dinner served out on our own private balcony, where a splendid view was obtained all during dinner and far into the night.

Those who have traveled in Switzerland need no description of Lucerne, but all will agree at once that it is one of the most delightful spots in all Europe. The sail on the Lake, the ascent of both the Rigi and Mount Pilatus, viewing the Lion cut out of the rock, and buying cuckoo clocks were indulged in to our heart's content, but we are touring and cannot tarry too long even at dear old Lucerne. So on to Stuttgart by way of

Rheinfelden and Schaffhausen where the Rhine falls, producing a splendid spectacle, not of course so grand as our own Niagara Falls, but beautiful in the extreme. Stuttgart, the capital of Wurttemberg, is a beautiful city; we cannot stop long as we are heading for Munich by way of Augsburg.

Of course, it would not do to leave Munich without saying something of the magnificent pictures in the many galleries of this great, quiet, cultured German city on the banks of the "Isar rolling rapidly". The splendid music in the great beer gardens, patronized by the best people of Munich as well as the strangers within her gates, but we must not dwell on this point, as it is rather a delicate subject and in our exuberance we might give ourselves away.

Back to Lucerne, crossing Lake Constance and Lake Zurich, through the city of Zurich, which is the largest and one of the prettiest in Switzerland. After another short stay at Lucerne, we take the train for Interlaken, over the



SCENE ON LAKE LUCERNE



mountains on the funicular railroad and down the lake on the boat with the majestic Jungfrau looming far above into the clouds. But the Jungfrau, unlike the Pilatus and the Rigi, has not been conquered with the funicular railroad, so we have to content ourselves with reaching about a ten thousand feet level, going up one side by way of Grundewald and returning by Lauterbrunnen. Interlaken furnishes much grander mountain scenery than does Lucerne but lacks many of the other things that make Lucerne so attractive.

Our next stopping place is Berne, the capital, with its many attractions, and especially the bears. No one would think of going to Berne without seeing the bears; in fact, they could not, for the bear is everywhere.

Lausanne, our next stop, is attractive in many ways, affording good schools and pure French for the education of the young, but Geneva is too close to tarry long here. No one ever stays long enough in Geneva to grow tired of it. We had had opportunity enough of mountain-climbing so did not go

up Mont Blanc, which is reached from this place. Geneva is a beautiful little city built on both sides of Lake Geneva, the spill of which forms the headwater of the river Rhone. Of course, one cannot leave Geneva without purchasing a watch, and, as the Kid was the only one not already supplied, she was the lucky one. The ladies found great pleasure in shopping here, as prices seemed low and the shopkeepers so nice that they could not refuse to buy. If changes in garments had to be made, that, too, could and would be done and if an excuse were given that it would be impossible to wait in the city for the time required to make the changes, the answer would come: "We will send you the goods and if not satisfactory, you can return them, not paying us a cent."

The more we see of Geneva, the less sympathy we have for John Calvin on account of being exiled there. If ever we are to be exiled and it makes no difference to the exiling party, we would suggest Geneva. While a Swiss city, everyone will tell you that a purer French is spoken here



than in France itself, for which reason many boys and girls are sent here to study French. This is our last stop in beautiful, free and hospitable Switzerland and quite loath we are to leave it, although gay Paris is just before us and destined to be our next stop.

A whole day's run in a French railroad train is required to reach Paris. Our party was large enough to command a compartment to ourselves, although two seats were still unoccupied. A suitable tip to the guard was all that was necessary and frequently we had an opportunity of seeing him turn away passengers who argued that there was room for two more. This guard, while perhaps not true to the best interests of the railroad, certainly was true to us, which is not always the case with people who can be bought; the trouble being that they will not stay bought. The day's ride was not an uncomfortable one and a good opportunity was given to see quite a little of the French country.

Arriving somewhat after dark at the French

capital, we made for the best looking carriage and told the driver the name of our hotel, The Elysee Palace, where we had telegraphed for accommodations. As this is one of the best and newest of Paris' numerous hotels, we were surprised that he had never heard of it. Several other drivers were appealed to with no better results. Finally, after writing it on paper and finding that most of the drivers could not read,—a more intelligent man was found who said something to the driver that sounded nothing like what we had said to him, and then all threw up their brows and cried: "Oui, oui", our driver cracked his whip and we were off. We have often wondered why the people of Paris do not understand French. This experience was a little hard on Aunt Gerty, who was to be our interpreter when we got to France, but she made good later when educated French people were encountered.

Our hotel proved to be very attractive and situated on the magnificent avenue, Champs Elysees, but as we found in several other fine ho-

tels, they could "sleep us better than they could eat us", so we soon got the habit of going out for dinner where we could get things more to our liking and where Parisian life in all its gayety entertained us as we dined. In this connection a rather unique situation was brought about. A lady friend of the whole party from Toledo, Ohio, who was in England, telegraphed that she would dine with us the next evening. Crossing the Channel she met a lady shipmate of her late voyage across the Atlantic, who advised that she go to her hotel and the Toledo lady, having selected none, acquiesced. Securing a room to her satisfaction, she dressed for dinner, called a carriage and said to the driver "Elysee Palace". He promptly failed to understand her. However, she had less trouble than we and arrived in time for dinner. We had decided to dine at the "Cafe de Paris" that evening and, as it made no difference to our friend, there we drove. After dining and seeing the sights, our guest declared she must get back to her hotel. On being asked at which hotel she was

stopping, she wrinkled her brow, bit her lips, and failed to remember either the name or the location. There she was—what was to be done? At last, her countenance brightened and she said: “I have it—The Oriental. The everlasting cabman was again called and told to drive to The Oriental Hotel. He drove for about three miles, across the Seine and dear only knows where and pulled up in front of a large hotel, only to bring the exclamation from our guest: “That’s not the place”. Neither it was, but where was the place? That was the question. Every name that sounded like “Oriental” was run over. At last our driver’s face brightened and he shouted: “L’Orient”. “That sounds good”, said our friend, so back over bridges and through streets until we began to think he was going to take us to The Orient for sure. Finally he pulled up in front of a hotel and the porter coming to open the carriage door was recognized and all were happy. On looking around, we found that we were just across the street from the Cafe de Paris where we had dined.

But were we not in "Gay Paree" and have not many people been lost there?

Well, here we were confronted with the same problems as in London, so much to see, so much to tell about and so much not to tell about. The Louvre, both the picture gallery and the shop, and I am not sure that I should tell it, but the shop *did* have a few more trips to its credit than the gallery. Of course, for the Kid's sake, we had to visit Napoleon's Tomb, the Church of the Madeleine, the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe, the column of the Bastille, the column Vendome, the Grand Opera House, the Eiffel Tower, The Trocadero, Notre Dame, the Statue of Jeanne d' Arc, etc., etc., etc. One day, by automobile to Versailles; the beauty and grandeur of this summer capital of the French people we cannot attempt to describe in this little booklet, but must say for the benefit of those contemplating a visit to Paris, that this must not be left out. Another day, Sunday, at St. Cloud, was well spent, where thousands of the French people go with their families to

picnic and commune with nature. Here the French people of the middle or poorer classes show to good advantage, where all, from the oldest to the youngest, join in a day of rest. Then to Fontainebleu, a fine day's drive of about eighty miles round trip. Here was one of Napoleon's favorite palaces. On our trip here, we found that Uncle Sam was not the only man who knows how to collect revenue. Our chauffeur had hardly passed out of the gates of the city until he stopped to buy gasoline. When the Conductor remonstrated with him for stopping so soon and asked why he had not supplied himself before starting, he was informed that a high revenue on gasoline in the city made it necessary to stop and buy as soon as the city limits were passed. This law also made it necessary to stop every machine and open the gasoline tank and run a gauge down to measure how much you had. I wonder if this is one of the good laws our civic reformers never tire of telling us the European cities have. Another little trip we found very pleasant was to Robinson

for dinner. This trip is not in the guide books, but is certainly unique inasmuch as your dinner is served high up in the trees. The tables are reached by ladders and the food sent up by rope and pulleys, the waiters only going up once to set the tables.

Paris, like all other attractive places, must be left behind by the tourist, so we take the train for Calais to cross again the much dreaded English Channel. Our trip was uneventful so far as the train was concerned, but oh, that boat. Never was that old Channel rougher and never were more sick people on one boat. Every passenger except the Kid gave up all they had. A man and woman were sitting next each other with heads resting on each other's shoulders whenever convenient. The ship doctor was very busy. Noticing this couple and observing that the man was very sick, said to the woman: "Your husband is quite sick". "Yes," said she, "he is sick alright, but he is not my husband. I never saw him before." The Boss was hors de combat on this voy-

age and the command had to be handed down to the next in rank until it reached the Kid, she being the only one capable. On arriving at Dover, considerable effort was necessary to arouse all enough to board the train for London. Arriving at London, the driver was told to drive to the Carlton, our old stamping ground of several months before, where every man and boy seemed to know and welcome us as old friends. It certainly did sound good to hear everybody speaking in our own language—it appeared that we were nearing home.

We had intended going from London to Liverpool by train but recollections of the beautiful English country and good roads appealed to us and as the distance was only two hundred miles and could be driven by machine in time to catch our boat, that mode of travel was decided on. Arrangements were made for a machine for the next morning at eight o'clock, but at that hour rain was falling in such torrents and indications were that it would continue that the automobile man



was telephoned and asked what it would cost to cancel our contract and were told "Nothing," which we thought very fair. By noon the rain had ceased and we again called up our man and found that he was still ready to take us, so the start was made. We had not much more than gotten started when again it began to rain and kept at it off and on most of the afternoon. As the day advanced, it grew very dark and only then did we remember that this was the day of the great eclipse of the sun. Several times the sky would clear enough to permit us to see the sun but was misty enough that we could look directly at the sun without hurting our eyes. In this way we were enabled to see it in all stages of the eclipse.

By evening we were again at the Hotel Regent, Lemington, where we were recognized and welcomed as the people with the flag. We were chilled through and through by the cold and rain augmented by the speed of the machine. A big wood fire was burning in the hotel and all gathered round it. A good hot dinner was served and

all were as good as new. While seated at dinner, a boy came in and announced that the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan had been signed at Portsmouth and that President Roosevelt had been instrumental in a large measure and was given most of the credit therefor.

The next morning was an improvement on the day before. We had made seventy miles in the afternoon from London and had one hundred thirty still before us for the day. Arriving at Liverpool about four o'clock, we had the rest of the day and evening for completing our arrangements for departure on the Cedric the next morning. Our homeward voyage was uneventful, the weather was generally cold and the sea somewhat rougher than our eastward trip, but on the whole an average one for this season of the year. Our arrival at the dock was early enough to permit of our coming home, but the shopping had to be done, so another day was spent in New York and the ladies declared that it was the best day's shopping since leaving home.

From New York to Pittsburgh is only a night so our story is ended. To those who have been patient enough to follow this little tale to the end, I wish to apologize for having taken them over so much ground and told them so little, but you know every party on going to Europe, makes a solemn compact one with the other that no tales will be told on returning home, hence the reason I have said nothing.

D. P. BLACK.

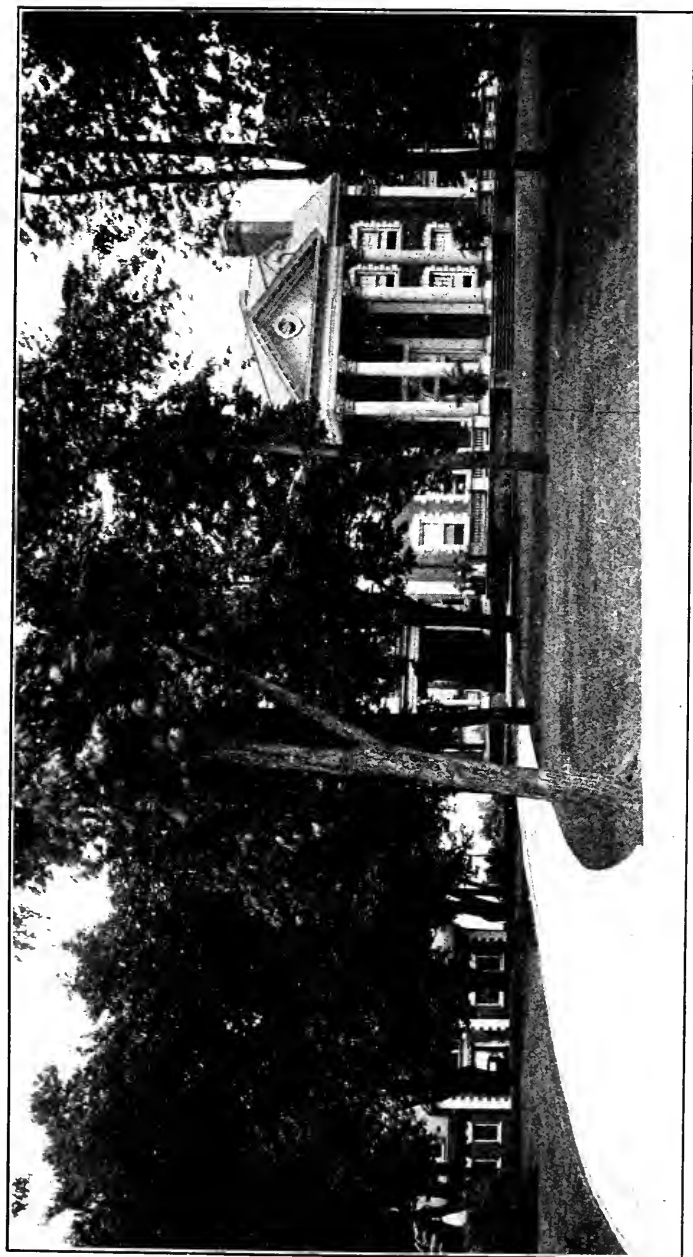


KATHARINE ON A JOY RIDE.

## A JOY RIDE.

PREFACE:—No,—not that but an APOL-  
OGY. If more authors would apologize for the  
stories they write, we would feel less bitter toward  
them and still less, if they would leave untold the  
tales altogether. This little narrative was written  
at the combined requests of the “Stout Lady”, the  
“Kid” and the “Otherone”, and on the imperative  
command of the “Boss”, all of which must be  
obeyed.

THE AUTHOR.



EBONHURST—STARTING POINT OF "THE BUNCH" ON THE JOY RIDE





### CHAPTER III.



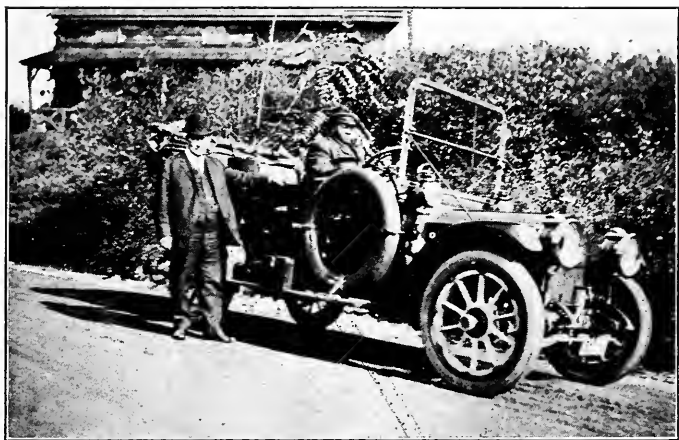
IT was a beautiful Saturday morning in mid-August 1910 that the "Bunch" started from Ebonhurst, corner of Penn and Murtland Aves., Pittsburgh, for a "joy ride" over the Alleghany Mountains.

The "Bunch" consisted of: The "Boss". First, I will have to describe the "Boss", for is she not the Boss and must be obeyed? Well, as I was about to say, the "Boss" is a lady of mature age, (but not old), fully developed both mentally and physically; her exact weight unknown to anyone save herself, as she always weighs herself in the privacy of the bathroom after securely bolting both doors and pulling down the blinds. It is safe to say, however, that she assisted materially in holding the automobile close down to the ground.

Then there was the "Stout Lady", built along the same lines as the "Boss" only more so,

her weight also being an unknown quantity, but it is safe to say you could double the amount you would guess if guessed in her presence. The "Stout Lady" like the "Boss", was a very important person as ballast was necessary to keep the machine from turning somersaults over the thousand and one "Thank you ma'ams". Besides that, she was the life of the party and kept all in good humor.

There was also the "Kid". The "Kid" was not built along the same lines by any means. Where the "Boss" and the "Stout Lady" were tall across, the "Kid" was tall up and down and so thin that she had to stand twice to cast a shadow; but without the "Kid" we might as well have stayed at home, for she was always in a good humor and even when all were thrown into the air going over a "Thank you ma'am", and the "Stout Lady" failed to light on the spot she left but square in the lap of the Kid," the latter fairly howled—sometimes with joy, sometimes with pain—but always laughing.



THE CONDUCTOR AND HENRY



All personally conducted trips must have a conductor, whose duty it is to entertain the party, act as pathfinder and explain everything along the road. (It makes no difference whether he knows what he is talking about or not so long as he doesn't let the rest know it.) I hardly know how to describe this conductor. He was far from slim, yet not so fat, and not so young as he used to be, but not yet old. When standing straight, he was absolutely unable to see his feet, although he wore full Number Nines. It was the conductor's duty to pay all tolls and bills—I put tolls first because of their greater importance. Some of the roads had toll gates every mile and on both sides of the road.

Last, but not least, we had a Chauffeur, as good and faithful a son of Ethiopia as ever “shofed” a car, and his name was Henry. Henry was built something after the lines of the French Percheron horses—close to the ground; this being the case, he never “got up in the air”.

Well, with Henry at the wheel, with three suitcases and two bags and the rest of us packed in like sardines, the signal was given at 8:30 A. M. sharp and we were off.

Anyone accustomed to touring well knows the only place you get lost is getting out of the towns and cities. Well, we did succeed in getting out of our own city without experiencing this difficulty, although most people would have thought we were getting far from the straight and narrow path toward Bedford, as our course lay out Penn Avenue, to Braddock Avenue, through Swissvale and Rankin, over the bridge to Homestead, turning southeast up the river past Kennywood Park, through Duquesne, over the bridge into McKeesport, after crossing both railroads turning sharp to the left about one-half mile, again turning sharp up the hill to the right at Flatiron Building, into White Oak level macadam road to Greensburg pike just west of Irwin, turning east on pike through Irwin to Adamstown, turning right down clay road one

mile to macadam road into Greensburg, passing through town two squares past courthouse, turning left under P. R. R., taking first right hand road past fairgrounds, through New Alexander to Blairsville, up pike over Pack Saddle Mountain, through Armaugh, turning right at unpainted church, along clay road, down steep hill to macadam road with toll, along Conemaugh River into Johnstown, in center of town turning left two squares to Bedford Avenue, turning right up the hill, then leaving pike, turning right through Scalp Level and Windber some distance, brick and macadam, along top of mountain, down east side of mountain with beautiful view into fine valley, to Bedford.

Now, gentle reader, do not get discouraged. I am not going to describe the road further. I am only anxious to get you out of town and on your way thus far so you will not come back, as you are sure by this time that you can find a better way home.

We arrived at Bedford Springs about 4 P. M. and found many friends already there. Bedford Springs Hotel is a fine looking old brick and frame building among the trees, giving you at once the impression that within its walls you will find good old fashioned hospitality at *modern* not *moderate* prices. This is such a restful place after a hard day's mountain ride that we were loath to leave it in the morning, so nine, ten, eleven o'clock went by and we were not yet started. Henry had fed our iron steed with ten gallons of gasoline and it was long since panting at the door, champing the bit, as it were, to climb the three mountains between there and McConnellsburg, the county seat of Fulton County.

Our path lay for several miles along the banks of the Blue Juniata and then suddenly up over one, two, three mountains and then to the east, and far below, spread like a map before us, lay a beautiful valley with McConnellsburg in the midst. There at the Fulton House we got a good well-served luncheon. Again we are off,





KATHARINE AS AN ORANGE GROWER.



but we are not yet quite rid of the mountains, as right in our path is a very formidable one. But mountains have no terrors for the brave little Columbia as she throws wide open her nostrils and bounds from breaker to breaker, and we are soon at the top and look over into Franklin County with its beautiful farms, large brick houses, telling us at once that this is the beginning of the land of the Pennsylvania Dutchman. And surely he knows how to farm and how to live.

We had intended to stop over night at Chambersburg, the county seat of Franklin County, but it was yet only the middle of the afternoon and we felt we must press on to Gettysburg, with much less resistance than did Gen. Robert E. Lee in sixty-three.

On approaching from the west, the battle-field is reached before the town, so we drove up and down several of the avenues lined with monuments and teeming with historical interest, which, however, we were not familiar enough with to appreciate fully. We therefore drove to

town, left our baggage at the hotel, secured a guide and again drove over the great decisive battlefield of the Civil War. This alone was sufficient compensation for crossing the Alleghany Mountains.

After a more or less uncomfortable night at a very inferior hotel, we started about nine o'clock for Philadelphia via York, Columbia, Cotesville and Downingtown, arriving at the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, at about 3:00 P. M., with Pittsburgh air in all four of our tires, no mishaps or accidents of any kind and having to our credit one of the most pleasant trips of our lives.

A very amusing incident occurred at this point. On the evening before at the hotel at Gettysburg, a lady who was with her husband (or rather he was with her), discovered that a 5 o'clock breakfast was served for those wishing to leave on an early train. She conceived the idea that if they would take their breakfast at that hour, they would be sure of getting into Philadelphia the next day. The husband objected to get-

ting up so early and, in order to dissuade his wife, told her that an extra charge was made for the early breakfast. The wife was about ready to acquiesce, but thought she would inquire if this was true before giving up. Upon being assured that no extra charge was made, she informed hubby that they would take the early breakfast and get an early start. This they did at 5:30, as we could see from our windows, which they were just beneath. Did you ever notice how much noise a "one lunger" can make under your window at 5 A. M.? If you have, you will know that we got no further sleep until they were gone. We took the regular breakfast, and, as I have stated, started about 9 o'clock, arriving at Philadelphia about 3 P. M. Some five hours after, or about 8 P. M., our friends of the early breakfast came strolling into the hotel, the wife with a look on her face which plainly spoke "I told you so".

I wish to say it had been the "Stout Lady's" intention to accompany us only as far as Bedford and from there return to Pittsburgh, but the

mountain air and the exhilarating sensation of the Joy Ride were so enjoyable that she concluded to go as far as Gettysburg, but when that point was reached, the place for returning was shoved on to York and again to Philadelphia. As it was our intention to spend a few weeks at the seashore, we put the machine up in storage, allowing Henry to have his vacation by going to Baltimore to see his friends. Slowly and sadly the "Stout Lady" wended her way to the Pennsylvania Station to take her train back home and the Boss, the Kid and the Conductor hied themselves off to Beach Haven to spend a week or two basking in the sun and bathing in old ocean. But somehow it seemed tame and lacked animation and they longed for the road.

The return of the Stout Lady left one seat unoccupied in the machine, which would not do. Now, the Boss, in addition to being Boss, is always looking out to give others pleasure, so a young lady who was visiting her sister in East Orange was suggested and was unanimously

elected a member of the party on the spot. A letter was sent off post haste and brought an answer by wire, not *one* telegram but *two*, presumably fearing its miscarriage and that would have been awful. This young lady made the second kid and will be designated, like Pecksniff's daughter, the "otherone."

Thursday morning came and so did the "Otherone", but lo and behold, there was no Henry, and as he was all important in this trip, feelings of deepest despair were beginning to fill the hearts of some of the party, but the Conductor said he knew Henry would not be one minute too early, neither would he be a minute too late. As the time for starting had been fixed at 8:30 and 8:25 passed with no word of his arrival in Philadelphia, even having been received, the suspense became painful, but like Jules Verne's Phineas Fogg, he was at 8:29 announced by the uniformed porter, who approached the Conductor with the correct salute and said: "Your car is at the door, sir." Immediately, all faces

brightened, our luggage was hustled into the machine, bills paid, goodbyes said and we were off.

Our faces were turned toward Bethlehem but, unlike the Wise Men of the East, we had no star to guide us as it was broad daylight, and we immediately proceeded to get lost as usual in getting out of town. This was occasioned, however, by some of the streets we were to take being torn up for repairs and in taking side roads, we did not always get back to the proper place. Only a few minutes, however, and we were on the Bethlehem Pike, with our hands in our pockets paying toll like veterans. In all seriousness, we think it high time that some of the rich counties in eastern Pennsylvania put their hands in their pockets and build a few fine macadam roads free of tolls as we have in Allegheny County.

The day was fine, the road fair and on we sped through Montgomery, Bucks and Lehigh counties, arriving at South Bethlehem where Lehigh College is located. This college was richly endowed by the late Asa Packer. Thence we





THE BRIDAL VEIL, WATKINS GLEN



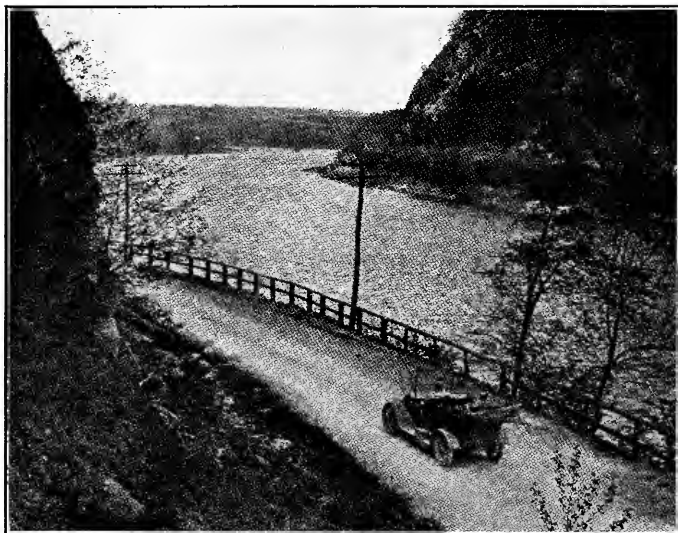
crossed the Lehigh River into Bethlehem, both thriving business looking towns. It was not yet time for lunch, so we inquired the way out of town to get to Easton. As heretofore, several persons told us of as many different roads as there were inquiries. One more intelligent man than the rest said: "As you appear to have a good machine and distance does not make much difference, I would advise going through Nazareth and get a macadam road all the way and only about ten miles farther. As we had never been to Nazareth and never expected to get there again, we took his advice and found as he said fine roads, but one place for about three miles, they were putting on fresh oil.

At Easton we stopped for lunch. Upon inquiry we were told that the best house was the Karldon. Recollections of the Carlton in London and its fine grill room steaks came to our minds, so decided on it at once and made no mistake. Quite a large parade was being held at this place and as we could get no information who

they were and for what purpose they were parading, we came to the conclusion the demonstration was for us. In fact, we found the word "Welcome" posted up in several of the towns we passed through and thought it real nice in them to be so kind and hospitable to us strangers within their gates. Easton is a very fine town, the home of Lafayette College.

After lunch we pushed on to Delaware Water Gap and felt well repaid for our journey thus far. Certainly it is a beautiful spot, with the fine hotels placed far up on the mountainside. The new cement bridge being constructed over the Delaware River at this point is beautiful to behold. The Delaware River at this point breaks through the mountain, producing a bit of beautiful scenery never to be forgotten.

Having passed through Northampton County and arrived at Stroudsburg, the county seat of Monroe Co., we had passed through the best farming part of our trip since leaving Philadel-



DELAWARE WATER GAP



phia, but while it is fine, it does not quite equal the farms of Lancaster County and the Cumberland Valley. Our road now passes up over Mt. Pocono and is fifty-two miles to Scranton, mostly mountain road. But the Columbia is fond of mountain climbing and after getting a good drink of gasoline, we are off again, arriving in Scranton before dark, having traveled one hundred seventy-six miles since morning.

Scranton reminds one of a little Pittsburgh, nestled in among the hills with blazing furnaces, tall smoke stacks, and none too clean, the hotel especially. We did not stay long here but took a little walk after dinner. Found quite a nice little square with several pretentious monuments, but the light was not very good and we were unable to read the inscriptions so we concluded they were Old Lackawanna and Mr. and Mrs. Scranton and let it go at that. This day's trip was rather a long one and the last fifty miles over none too good roads, yet the Boss, the Kid and the Otherone all said they enjoyed it immensely. It is safe to say

they were tired, however, as they all refused to go even to a nickelodeon, and for the Kid, especially, this was quite a sacrifice.

It rained most of the night and was still raining in the morning. This was not very encouraging, as we had a hard mountain road of sixty-two miles ahead of us before reaching Binghamton, N. Y. We immediately proceeded to get lost in getting out of town, but as we went only a mile or so, thought nothing of it and were soon on a good macadam road. This road we were not long to follow, but you know how hard it is to leave a fine macadam road for a poor one, so we kept speeding along until we came to some stone masons who told us we had passed our turning place about five miles back, but that we need not go back as we could follow on, bearing to the right and again strike the proper road. This we did and were well paid for it, as we wound our way up a crooked creek with an old mill and mill dam which reminded us of our earlier days at Bell's Dam on old Chartiers Creek, where sunfish three

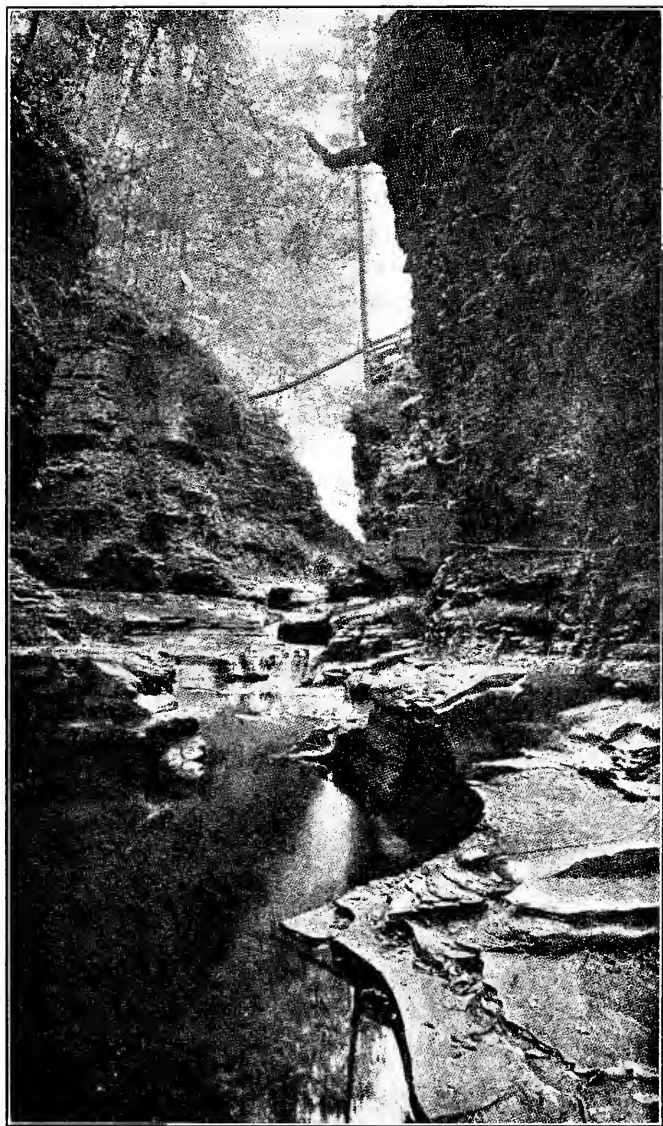


inches long looked like sharks and suckers like whales. But with the Columbia climbing, climbing all the time, we were soon to leave this beautiful creek and gain the high road to Binghamton, and right sorry we soon had reason to be, as this road was the worst we had encountered since leaving home. The water breakers were high and steep, while the road was so narrow that we had to take them straight.

Here we met our first mishap by pulling our grease pan off, but as this did not reflect on either the machine or the driver, the Conductor and Henry took off their coats and went to work, or at least Henry did. The machine was run with the wheels on two large stones, (they were ever present) forming a natural pit so that the men, especially Henry, could get under. In less than twenty minutes, the pan was securely bolted on and we were good as new. On we sped over roads, sometimes up, sometimes down, but always steep and rough. However, all things must come to an end, even bad roads, although it takes longer.

At last we struck the winding course of the Susquehanna and followed it over fine roads about ten miles into Binghamton, having covered about seventy miles, not as the crow flies, but as we run. We were all hungry and making inquiry for the best hotel, were told that either the Arlington or Bennett would supply our wants to our full satisfaction. As the Bennett appeared to be directly in our course, we selected it and had a fine lunch.

From here everything seemed to change. No matter in what direction we wanted to go, on inquiry we were told the roads were fine and so we found them. As our next town was Owego, twenty-two miles away, we headed that way and by some mistake we failed to get lost in getting out of the beautiful little city of Binghamton, which, by the way, they call the "Parlor City" on account of its trim and natty appearance. On we flew over roads as good as our own Three Degree Road or any others of the four hundred miles now completed in Allegheny County. Owego fairly



IN WATKINS GLEN



seemed to come toward us. We were told here that several roads lead to Watkins Glen but were advised to cross over the Susquehanna River and keep down the south side. This we did and found the road posted for Watkins Glen. But we found in "these parts" that they post every road whether it is the shortest or longest to the objective point. Down the river we flew between river and mountain, bearing all the while to the South, which the Conductor felt we should not do, but as there were no bridges and the river could not be forded, we were obliged to continue on the road selected. The road was good and the scenery fine so it mattered little where we were going and the Conductor remarked "whether we were right or wrong, we were going somewhere like the dickens".

We soon found ourselves back in Pennsylvania opposite the town of Sayres, twenty-four miles from Owego. As there was a bridge here, we crossed and found that to get to Watkins Glen, we would go by Waverly and Elmira, twenty-five miles away. Leaving the Susquehanna, we fol-

low up the Chemunk over more good roads, except one place where they were building some new macadam, and we were soon at Elmira, at sundown, with Watkins Glen (like Sheridan) "still eighteen miles away". We were advised to stop for the night here as a new road was being built and the autos were thrown to the east side of the lake instead of the west. We, however, did not feel satisfied to stop so near our destination, so started, feeling we could make it by dark, but at a point about about nine miles from either town, one of our rear tires began to let down. Not a puncture, just a slow leak, but it had to be fixed and as it was getting dark, a new inner tube was put in. We were all ready to start when we found it also leaked, so a second one had to be substituted.

The girls in the meantime had concluded to walk ahead a short distance until we would overtake them, but as more time was consumed than usual putting in the tire, they concluded that the Conductor and Henry had picked up the wrong

girls. In fact, they did mistake three ladies in the dark and chased after them, blowing the horn to attract their attention, when lo and behold, the Boss, the Kid and the Otherone hove in sight in the darkness and what a time the boys had trying to convince the girls that a mistake had been made. In time comparative peace reigned and the girls themselves admitted that they, too, had hailed another machine, thinking of course that it was the boys. (Maybe.)

Well, the darkness seemed to increase and the road grew narrower and we had to look out for the forks so that we might not get into the new road making. At last we saw a forks of the road but no guide post. A house was near and the Conductor proceeded thither to make inquiry, but the little parlor was filled with young men and women singing to the accompaniment of a cabinet organ: "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" Now the Conductor's name was not Kelly, but he could not help having a fellow feeling, as he himself was about as hopelessly lost as ever Kelly was. Paying no

attention to their appeal, he felt along both sides of the door checks for a bell without results, so he began to pound vigorously on the door, being heard only by the big watch dog who came bounding around the corner of the house. This complicated matters a little, as any further knocking on the door had to be done backwards, as it required both eyes to watch and both feet to kick in order to keep the dog at bay. Each rap brought a renewed onslaught from the dog but nothing from within, and Kelly seemed as far from being found as ever. But they came at last to the end of the song and taking advantage of the lull, the Conductor renewed his attack on the door, bringing a very nice young lady who was as calm and placid as the beautiful Lake Seneca lying at our feet.

Being directed to take the east or right hand road and being assured that it was not altogether bad, and that the first turn should be to the right and the next to the left, and not up the hill but hugging the lake on the left, then short to the left into town, and that the distance was about three



miles, we were once more on the way. Following along the narrow road, which the head lights caused to look white and both sides black, a queer sensation was produced on all of the bunch. Some remarked how ghostly and rocklike those large overhanging trees looked. A turn in the road threw the headlights in that direction, and behold, they were overhanging rocks and not trees. We realized how beautiful this must be in daylight but the most of it we had to lose on account of the darkness.

We were approaching the town of Watkins Glen and beyond and far up the hill or young mountain, we could see a cluster of lights and concluded this was our destination, the Glen Springs Hotel, so through the town and up the hill switching backward and forward we went till we pulled up at the entrance, to be met by the head colored porter who asked us to stop our engine, a rule enforced with all machines. As we started to remove our luggage, we were asked if we had engaged rooms. Upon answering in the negative,

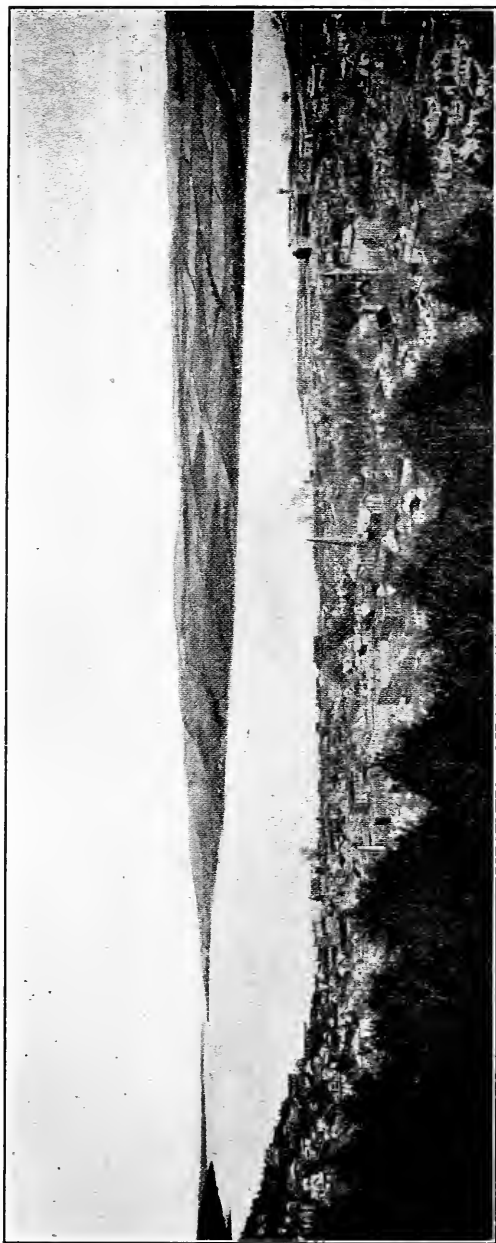
were told we had better go to the office before unloading as the house was entirely full. At the front counter, the Conductor encountered both the manager and chief clerk and demanded three good rooms and bath but was told that not even the bath was available, as every room was taken.

Experienced conductors are not easily dismayed, so he began to parley and found out that just three rooms were unoccupied, but they were already engaged and the travelers were expected every minute, their trunks having already arrived by express. The Conductor did not know, of course, but ventured the remark that all the trains were in for the night, hence the expected guests could not now arrive. This much of the argument must have been correct as it was not denied, but the clerk said the party was evidently coming by automobile, otherwise they would not have expressed their baggage. This the Conductor knew to be a good argument, as he had been doing the same thing, but still claimed the rooms on account of being first on the grounds. The manager

showed signs of weakening, but the clerk stood firm, so the Conductor proposed, as they could not agree, that he be chosen as third party to break the tie, which was done. *He being entirely disinterested, decided promptly without fear or favor that the absent party had no standing,* and the baggage was ordered in. The manager remarked that late as it was he had business in the village and the clerk said if that was the case, he was going also to escape the wrath to come and would shut the house as soon as we got in. It was too late for supper, but a cold bite was furnished and all were shown to nice clean rooms and good beds, which were enjoyed after a hard day's ride. In the morning, inquiry was made as to whether the expected guests had arrived. The clerk said a machine had come puffing up the hill, but by the time it reached the hotel, the lights were out and the only man visible was the night watchman, who informed the late travelers that the house was closed and they would have to go to the village hotel for the night.

What a wonderful sight met our eyes as we stood on that front porch the next morning. At our feet was the beautiful Lake Seneca, from one to five miles wide, thirty-six miles long and strangest of all, six hundred feet deep. Under the hill, the calm and restful village of Watkins lay, the county seat of Schuyler County, and far beyond the sloping hills and splendid farms of central New York state. After breakfast, we took a stroll to the Glen, only ten minutes' walk from the hotel, past the various springs whose waters will cure you of whatever ails you, through a cemetery and down the long winding cement stairs into the bottom of the Glen, three hundred feet below. Many water falls and rapids constantly surprise and delight the senses as one wanders from one beauty point to another. If all our trip had yielded us no harvest until now, we would have been paid abundantly right here. Tourists through New York state should never fail to visit this spot.

It was almost noon when we returned to the hotel, but we were so intoxicated with the beauty



WATKINS AND SENECA LAKE SEEN FROM THE GLEN SPRINGS.



of the place that we were not hungry, and as Henry and the machine were both ready and waiting at the door, we paid our bills, loaded our baggage and started off, expecting to stop for lunch at Flanagan's Restaurant at Canandaigua. This is a place famous for sea foods and we later found it to be fully up to its reputation. The first forty or fifty miles of our journey were over fine clay roads mostly in sight of Lake Seneca, through Pen Yan, the county seat of Yates County. At Flint, a very small place, we struck the macadam road which we had all the way to Buffalo. "Westward Ho", the brave little Columbia, appearing to recognize her old friend, the "Macadam", sprang forward by leaps and bounds until the Conductor had to caution Henry to hold her down. Canandaigua and our appetites arrived at about the same time.

There we had a good lobster dinner and after making the usual inquiries about getting out of town, we again headed toward the Setting Sun, on through fine country and smart towns, Lima, Avon, Caledonia and Batavia. It was necessary

several times to cut around places where repairs were being made, such as top dressing to the macadam, thus adding some ten miles to the distance, but even the side roads were good. As the sun was hanging low over Lake Erie, we glided gracefully into Buffalo and pulled up at the Iroquois Hotel, where we put up for the night. Had traveled one hundred forty-six miles since twelve o'clock.

The next morning being Sunday, we were not up and about so early as we did not expect to do as much as some on the trip homeward. About one hour before we were ready to start, we met a Pittsburgh friend who told us he was just starting and was going to make the trip through to Pittsburgh in one day, as he had a Thomas Flyer and nothing could prevent his reaching home that night. Lunch was packed so that they would not be obliged to delay a moment. After bidding them Godspeed, we had our breakfasts and started, found much of the Lake Road torn up for repairs, so considerable distance was added by de-



tours. Some twenty miles from Buffalo, we overtook our friends with the Thomas; they were having tire trouble. After offering assistance and being assured that none was required, we pursued our way only to be overtaken by them and they observed in passing: "This is the last you will see of us." But such was not the case. Twenty or thirty miles farther and we overtook them again; more trouble. They still declined assistance, however, and we went on to Erie, where we had lunch, thinking of course our friends would pass us meanwhile. After driving through the finest residence part of Erie, and seeing the town generally, we wended our way leisurely to Cambridge Springs which we reached about four P. M. and stayed until morning at the recently reconstructed Hotel Vanadium, which is now first-class and to be recommended. Sometime after our arrival at Cambridge Springs, our friends of the Thomas passed through, still headed for home and determined to reach it without stop.

The next morning about nine A. M. we

started on our last day's trip for home, coming through Saegertown and Meadville and again overtook our friends by the roadside, having been obliged to stop over night at a farm house and were still making repairs when we passed them. Through Mercer we came, stopping at Butler for lunch and arrived in Pittsburgh about 4:30 P. M., having covered 1128 miles and with the same Pittsburgh air in all our tires except one and that was not a puncture. We had crossed the Alleghany Mountains twice and passed through the counties of Allegheny, Westmoreland, Indiana, Cambria, Somerset, Bedford, Fulton, Franklin Adams, York, Lancaster, Chester, Delaware, Philadelphia, Montgomery, Bucks, Lehigh, Northampton, Monroe, Lackawanna, Susquehanna, Bradford, Erie, Crawford, Mercer, Lawrence and Butler in Pennsylvania, and Broome, Tioga, Chemung, Schuyler, Yates, Ontario, Livingston, Genesee, Erie and Chautauqua in New York, 37 in all.

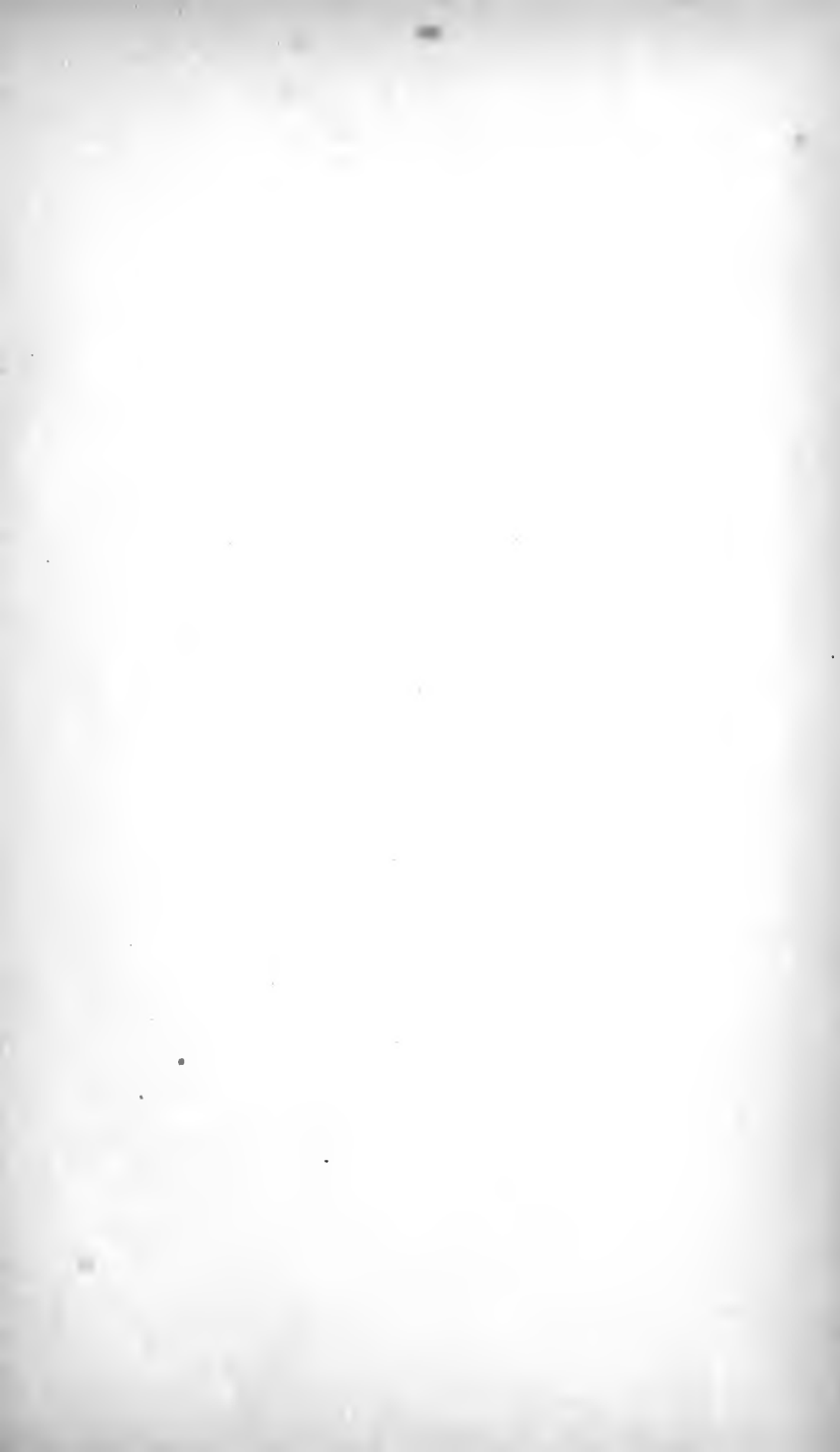
And now that we are home and look back

over our trip, all declare that it was a most enjoyable and successful one and say they are ready to repeat it at any time.

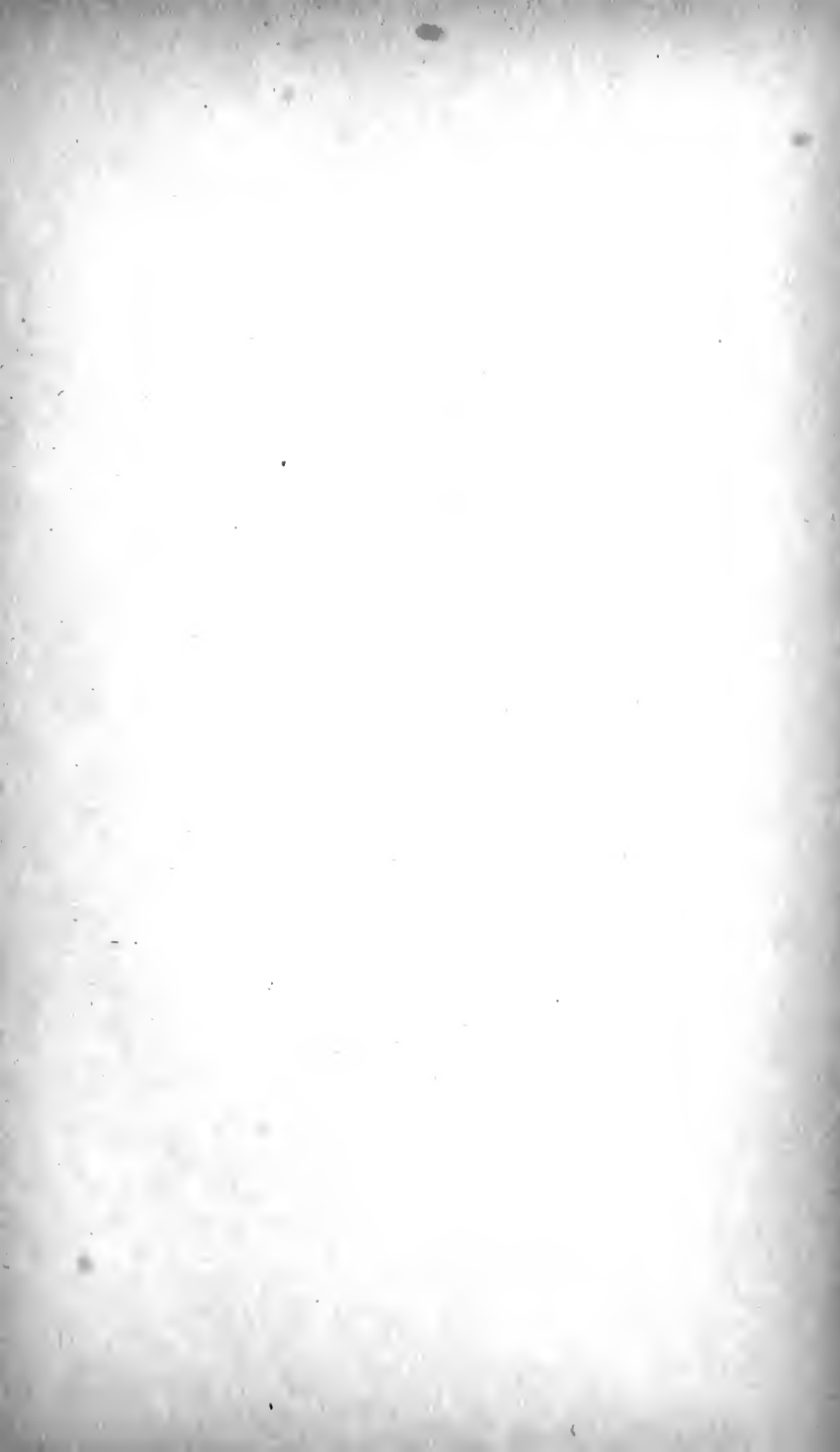
To those who have been patient enough to follow this little tale to the end, we wish to say goodbye.





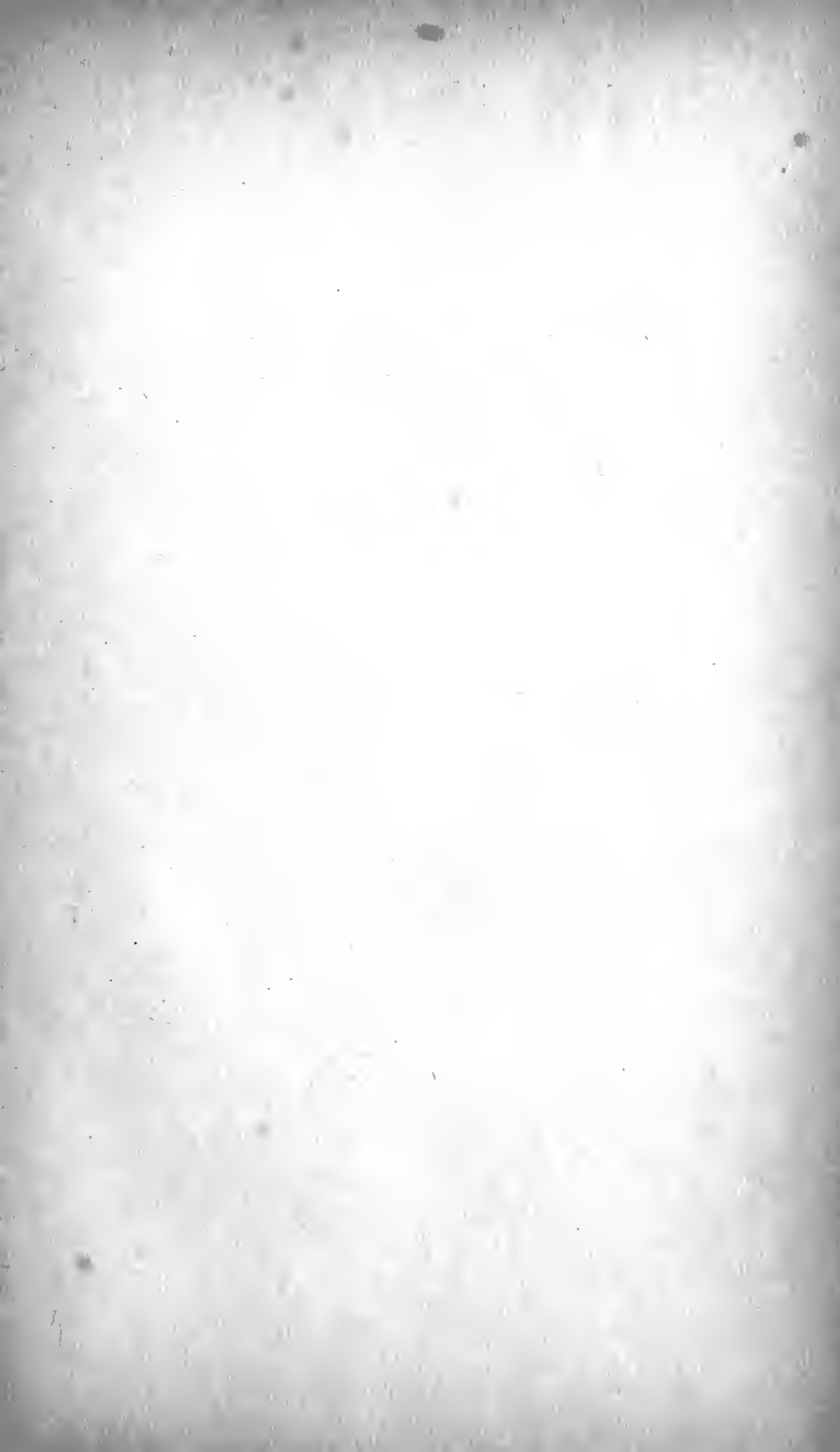




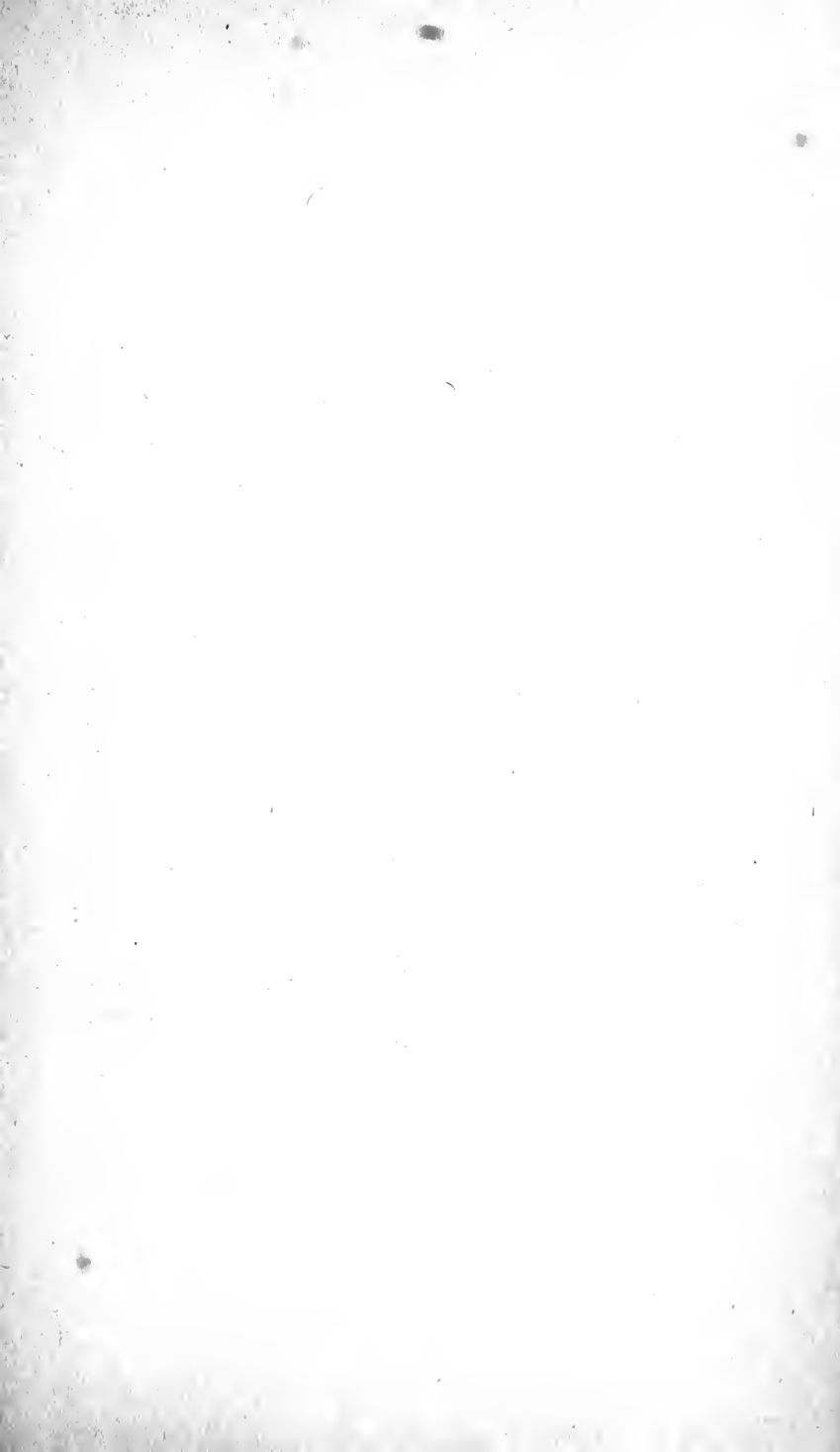








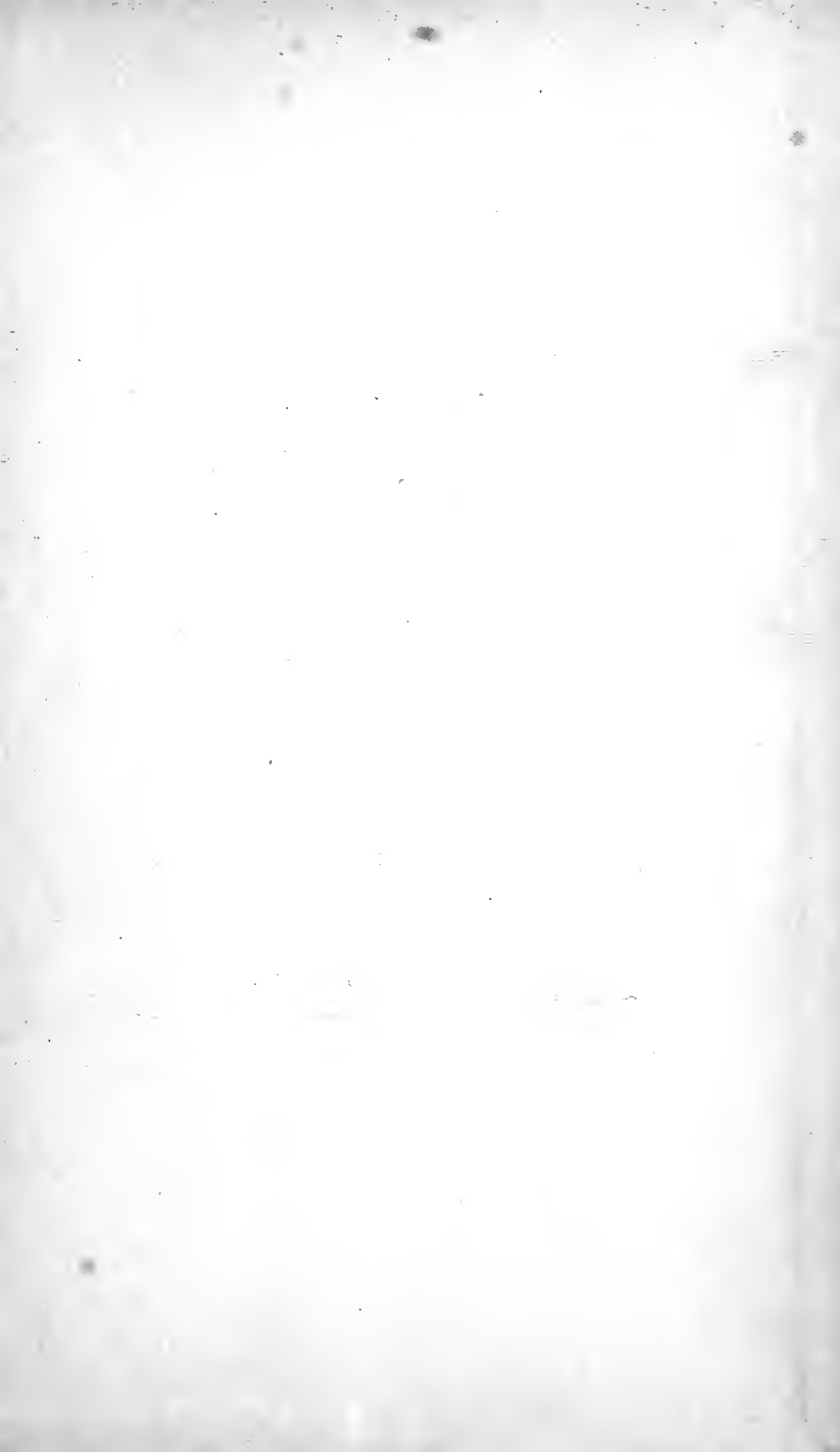












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